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PURCHASED FROM THE INCOME OF THE

JOSIAH H. BENTON FUND

LURLEY MANOR

FORT HILL

Eugène de Lonlay, ?
(transl. by Th. Caty)
First edition

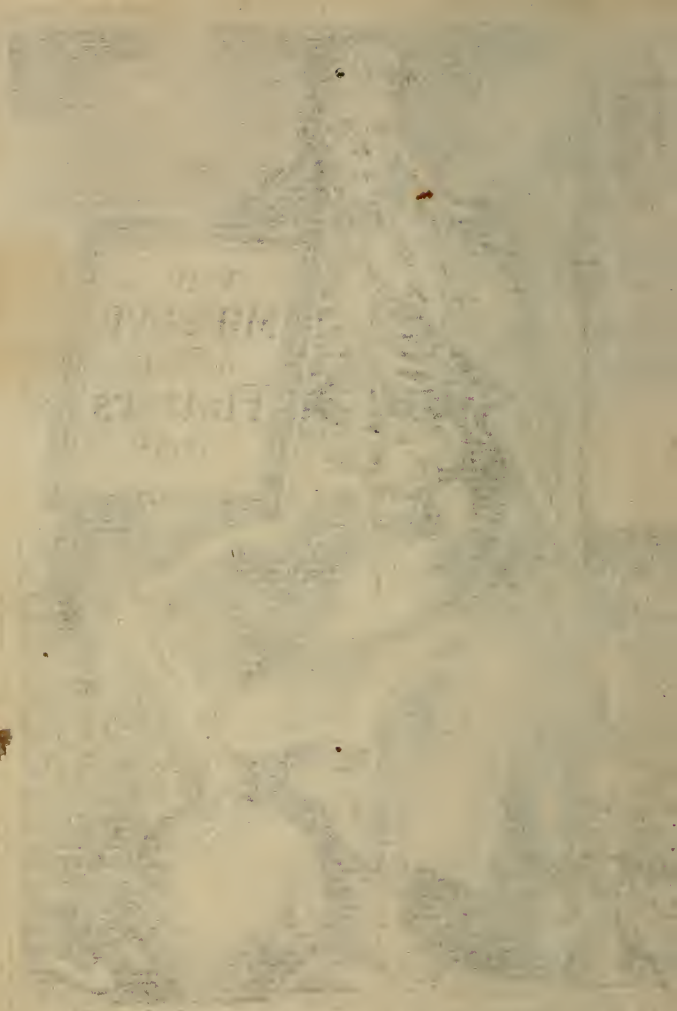
The DESIGNE of the FRONTISPICE.

LOe, DEATH inveſted in a Roabe of *Ermine*,
Triumphant ſits, embelliſhed with *Vermine*,
Vpon a Pile of *dead-men's Skulls*, her Throne,
Pell-mell ſubduing all, and ſparing none.
A ſcrutinous *judgement* will the *Type* reſſent,
You may imagine, 'Tis DEATH's *Parlement*.
Vpon the *World* it's pow'rfull *Foot* doth tread,
For, all the world or is, or ſhall be *dead*.
One *hand* the *Scepter*, t'other holds our MIRROVR,
In courteſie to ſhew poore *fleſh* its *errour*:
If *men* forget themſelves, *It* tells 'em home,
They're *Duſt* and *Aſhes*, All to *this* muſt come.
To view their *fate* herein, ſome will forbeare,
Who *have* all thought of *Death* as too ſevere:
But know, *Death* is ('though't be *unknown* how *nie*)
A *Point*, on which depends ETERNITIE,
Either to live *Crown'd* with perpetuall *Bliſſe*,
Or howle *tormented* in *Hell's* darke *Abyſſe*.
With *winged haſte* our brittle *lives* doe paſſe,
As runnes the gliding *Sand* i'th' *Houre-Glaſſe*.

If more you would, continue on your *Looke*
No more upon the *Title*, but the *Booke*.

O that they were Wise, *that they vnderstood* This, *that they would* Consider *their latter* End! *Deut: 32.29.*

——— MORS ſola fatetur
Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula. ——— *Iuvenal:*



THE MIRROUR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

Dedicated to their MAIESTIES of GREAT BRITAINE,

By

Le *Sieur* de la SERRE, Hiſtoriographer of FRANCE.

Enriched with faire *Figures*.

Tranſcrib'd ENGLISH from the FRENCH, by *T. C.*

And devoted to the well-diſpoſed READERS.

HORAT.

OMNEM *crede* DIEM *tibi diluxiſſe* SUPREMUM.

LONDON,

Printed by *E. P.* for *R. Thrale*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop at the Signe of the Croſſe-Keyes, at *Pauls* Gate. 1639.

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TO THE KING OF GREAT BRITAINE.

SIR,

IF the Greatneſſe of *Kings* derive its value and luſtre from the number of *Vertues* which they poſſeſſe; I render you now the *homage* of my *obſervance*, and *ſubmiſſions*, as to one of the *greateſt Monarchs* of the World, ſince you are the *Majeſtie* of all *Vertues* together. What an agreeable compulſion is this, to ſee a man's ſelfe powerfully forced to become

the *subject* of a *foraine Prince*, by the soveraigne authoritie of his *merit*? To this point am I reduced, SIR, your all-royall *perfections* impose upon me so absolutely such sweet lawes of *servitude*, that I have no more *libertie*, but to accept its *yoake*. And in *this*, my inclination and dutie make a fresh injunction o're me, which dispute preheminence with all the rest: for who can keepe himselfe from rendring *homage* to your *Majestie*, the onely fame of whose Renowne captivates through all the *Universe*, instructing us, that you are as absolute over your *Passions*, as over your *Subjects*; and that you reigne as *Soveraigne* in the esteeme of *men*, as in your *Royall Estates*: And the Truths of *this* set your *glory* at so high a *worth*, that the *felicitie* on't may perhaps be *envied* you, but the like *Merit* not to be *reacht* by others, because Nature is very sparing of the like *gifts*, and Heaven does

does not every day such *miracles*. For me, I am but one of the *Admirers*, not of the *greatnesse* of your Dominion (*although onely the vast extent of the Ocean markes out its limits*) but of all the *divine qualities* which you onely possesse in proper as a *Good*, which *Time*, *Fate*, nor *Death* can take from you. Nor is this the *all in all*, to be *Wise*, *Valiant*, and *Generous*, in the height of Native deduction; All these Titles of *Honour* have degrees of *eminence*, which marke out to us the gradations of their severall perfections, and whereof your *Majestie* shewes us now the onely *patterne*, having in possession all admirable *Vertues*, with so much puritie and luster, as dazles its very *envyers*, and forces them to *adore* that in your *Majestie*, which elsewhere they *admire* not. And 'tis my beleefe, that *you* stand thus unparallel'd even amongst your *semblables*, since besides the *Crownes* of your Cradle, you

carry above them *others*, and such as shall exempt you from the *Grave*. I avow, that I have studied long time to speake condignely of your *Majestie*; but although my *paines* and *watchings* are *equally unprofitable*, my *defect* yet is still *glorious* howsomever, that it is a *shadow* from your *Light*. It sufficeth me to have taken Pen in hand, to publish onely, that I am

SIR,

Your MAIESTIES

Most humble, and most

obeysant Servant,

P. *De la* SERRE.

TO THE QUEENE OF GREAT BRITAINE.

MADAME,

I *Could not* approach, *but with a* MIRROVR *in my* hand, *before your* Majestie, *the* splendour *of whose* magnificence *dazles so powerfully all the* world, *that I am not able to behold the* immediate presence *on't, but by the* reflection *of its* Rayes. *Without fiction,* MADAME, *your* Glory *is arrived*

arrived to the point *of rendring your* perfections *ſo unknowne, as being ſo above the* commune; *that I beleeve moſt men* honour you *now by* obſervance *and* example *onely, as not able* otherwiſe *to* reach *the depth of the* juſt reaſons *they might have for it. Nor is this* All, *to ſay that you are* ſolely faire, *and* perfectly chaſte; *but it is* neceſſarie, *beyond all* this, *to* intimate ſecretly, *in the* Language *of* Thought, *all the* divine qualities *which you* poſſeſſe *of* Super-eminence *in all* things, *ſince their* puritie *cannot diſcend to the* capacitie *of our* diſcourſe, *without ſuffering a kind of* prophanation. *From hence is it, that if I ſhould call you,* THE COMPLEATLY-PERFECT, *I might well ſay in effect that which you are; but* never *thus ſhould I repreſent the* greatneſſe *of your* merits, *ſince every of* them *in it ſelfe ha's ſuch* particular perfections, *as might challenge*

Altars

Altars *from us, if your* humilitie *could permit it. These are such* Truths (MADAME) *as hinder me from* prayſing *your* Majeſtie, *not knowing how to* expreſſe *my ſelfe* condignely. *Well might I perhaps ſuggeſt it to* remembrance, *that your* particular inclinations *are the* publike Vertues *which we* adore, *and that of the ſame* temperament *of humour*, Nature *compoſed heretofore the* Sages *of the* World: *But of all theſe* diſcourſes *notwithſtanding, I cannot frame one onely* prayſe *ſufficiently* adæquate *to your* worth, *ſeeing 'tis* elevated *beyond all* Eulogiums. *Inſomuch, that if* Admiration *it ſelfe teach not a new* Language *to* poſteritie, *wherein to proclaime* aloud *the* favours *and* graces *wherewith* Heaven *hath accompliſht you; it muſt content it ſelfe, to* reverence *your* Name, *and* adore *your* Memorie, *without preſumption of* ſpeech *of your* actions, *as being* ever *above all* valuation, *as well as* imitation.

To

To instance the immortalitie *of your* AUGUSTICK Race, *although it be a pure* Source of Honour, *which can never be* dry'd up; *yet all these* Titles *of a* Kings Daughter, Sister, *and* Wife, *can never adde to your* Renowne, *which derives its* value *rather from the* admirabilities *of your* Life, *then the* greatnesse *of your* Birth. *Insomuch* (MADAME) *that the* Scepters *and* Crownes *of your* Royalties, *are the meanest* Ornaments *wherewith your* Majestie *can* decke *it selfe*; *since the least glympse of the least of your* Actions, *dusks the luster of all the other* magnificences, *which environ you. And I beleeve, had those* Wonders of the World *beene of such a* worth, *as every day you* descry, *they had powerfully* resisted *against the* assaults *of* Ages: *but as they had nothing* admirable *in them, but the* Name, Memorials *have* preserved that, *and let* them perish. *But*

yours

yours (MADAME) *which are* too perfect *for a* ſutable Name, *ſhall not ceaſe to* ſurvive *the* revolutions *of* Times, *as being* enlivened *by* Vertue, *which alone can exempt from* Death. *Let it not ſeeme* ſtrange *then, if I hazard the* perils *of the* Sea, *to render* Homage *to a* QUEENE, *whoſe* Greatneſſe *perforce* humbles *the moſt* arrogant ſpirits, *being not able, ſo much as in* thought, *to* reach *to the* firſt degree *of her* Glory. *The* GRACES *themſelves are* hers, *and the* VERTUES *have* allianced *their* owne *and* her Name; *and all the* adorable qualities *which are found here* below, *are* admirable *in her* alone, *as in their* Source. *I am conſtrained to be* ſilent (MADAME) *being over-charged with too much* ſubject *of* ſpeech. *The* number *of your* Perfections *aſtoniſhes me, the* greatneſſe *of your* Merit *raviſhes me, the* ſplendour *of your* Vertue *dazles*

dazles me: And in this dazle, *this* transport, *this exceſſe of* admiration, *wherein my* ſenſes *and* ſpirits *are all alike* engaged, *I am compell'd to caſt my ſelfe at the* feet *of your* Majeſtie, *and demand* pardon *of the boldneſſe which I aſſume onely to enjoy the* ſtile *of*

MADAME,

Your MAIESTIES

Moſt humble, and moſt

obeyſant Servant,

P. *De la* SERRE.

To
THE *QVEENE* OF
GREAT BRITAINE.

Vpon the *Mirror* which flatters not, of Le *Sieur* de la SERRE:

SONNET.

PRINCESSE, this perverse *Ages* glorious *gemme*,
Whose least of *Vertues* seemes a *prodigie*;
Illustrious *Sien*, of the faireſt *Stemme*,
That *Heaven* e're shew'd this *Vniverse's* eye;
Though *Fate* with thousand *hind'rances* averse,
Barres me the *place*, to which my *duty's* bent:
I cannot cheere my *soule* from *selfe-torment*,
But by *designe* to pourtray *you* in Verse.

But

But since that SERRES shew's in this true *Mirrour*
The *Vertues* of your *Mind's* eternall splendour,
As lively as your *Body's* beautious measure,
My heed to view *you here*, lets others passe;
So well I here *agnize* all *your* rare *treasure*,
That I ne're saw a better *Crystall-Glasse*.

Par le S^r C.

To

To the AUTHOR, upon *the same subject.*

STANCES.

DIvine Spirit, *knowing* Soule,
Which with lovely sweet controule
Rank'st our soules *those* good rules *under*,
Which thy Pen *layes downe with* wonder,
Whil'st the sweetnesse *of thy* Voice
Breathes oracular *sacred noise.*

All thy Workes *so well esteem'd*
Thorough EUROPE, proofes *are deem'd*
Of thy Gifts, *which* all *admire*,
Which such Trophies *thee acquire.*
And with these thy Muse *invested*,
ORPHEUS *is by* thee *out-crested.*

Also since blind Ignorance
Makes no more abode *in* FRANCE,
Seldome can wee *meet with such*,
As the workes *of thy sweet t'uch:*
Such immortall straines *of spirit*,
As doe thousand Laurels *merit.*

But although thy active Muſe
Wonders *did before* produce,
As wee ſeldome *ſee the like*;
This *doth with* amazement *ſtrike*:
'Tis a MIRROUR, *that doth* ſhine
More with Fire, *then* Cryſtaline.

'Tis a MIRROVR never flatters,
On my eyes *ſuch* rayes *it ſcatters*,
That therewith I daz'led *am*,
Searching for thee *in the* ſame,
By ſome charme, *or ſtranger* caſe,
I ſee thy ſpirit, *not thy* face.

This ſtrange faſhion *doth* amaze *me*,
When I (*we're ſo little*) gaze *me*,
I am ſtreight all on a fire,
The more I looke, *more I* admire:
'Tis a MIRROVR *ſure of* flame,
Sparkling, *more wee* marke *the* ſame.

Yet not every prying eye
Shall it-ſelfe *herein* eſpie;
'Tis not for ſo commune uſe,
Free from flattering abuſe:
None ſo clearely *here are* ſeene,
As King CHARLES, *and his* faire Queene.

Therefore

Therefore thus the AUTHOR meant,
To the World *it to* preſent;
Since it is a thing ſo rare,
And unparalelled raire;
That it ſhould a Tablet *bee*
For the faireſt *hee could ſee.*

SERRES, *this thy* worke-man-ſhip
Doth my ſpirit *over-ſtrip,*
With ſuch judgement, *and ſuch* grace,
Thou do'ſt ſhew *in* little ſpace
Three *ſtrange* Wonders, *without* errour,
Two *bright* Sunnes *in* one *cleare* MIRROVR.

And by this thy rare *compoſure,*
Shall thy Name, *beyond encloſure*
Of this preſent Age, *obtaine*
Eternall honour *for thy paine:*
Writing to theſe Princes Graces,
Thou art prais'd *in* thouſand places.

Par le meſme.

Vpon the Booke.

SONNET.

HEre, undiſguis'd, is ſeene in this *true Mirrour*
The *glory*, or the *ſhame* of *mortall ſtorie*,
As *Reaſon*, or the miſſe-led *Senſes errour*
Doe *winne* the *day*, or *yeeld* the *Victorie*:
SERRES doth here *lively delineate*
Our *every-dayes* vaine wretched *paſſages*,
And what is *deſtin'd* after *Funerall ſtate*,
To *innocent pureneſſe*, or *black wickedneſſe*.
Such *diverſe ſubjects* in this *one* encloſed,
Such *various objects* to the *view* expoſed.
Thou little *Monarch*, MAN, ſmall *Vniverſe*,
Thy *Soule* it *leſſons* thus, and thee *informes*,
As thou art *Soule*, with *heavenly fires* converſe,
As thou art *Fleſh*, thou art a *Bait* for *wormes*.

To

To the Reader.

IT *may, perhaps, ſeeme* ſtrange, *that I treat ſo often in my* Works *of the ſame* matter, *as of the* contempt *of the* World, *and* meditations *of* Death: *But if the importance of the* ſubject *be conſidered, and the* profit *to be derived thence, a* Man *will never be* wearie *of ſeeing ſuch* faire truths *under* different preſentations. *Beſides, the* conceptions *of* ſpirit *upon the ſame* matter, *are like the* productions *of* Nature *in the* Species's *of* Tulips: *Every* yeere *ſhee gives a* Change, *both to their* Colour, *and* Array. *And though they be ſtill* Tulips, *ſhee* renders *them ſo* different *from their*

first reſemblance, *that they can* hardly *otherwiſe be* knowne, *but by* name. *The* Mind *doe's the ſame, upon the ſame* ſubject; *its* Fancies, *which are its* ornature, *and* embelliſhment, *render it by their* diverſitie *ſo* different *from it* ſelfe, *that 'tis hardly* knowne, *but by the* Titles, *which it* beares, *to particularize each* Conceit. *So that if* once againe *I* repreſent *unto thee the* pourtrait *of* Vanitie, *and the* Image *of* Death; *my* ſpirit, *which hath* ſteaded *me for* Pencill, *and* colouring *in this* Worke, *hath rendred it ſo* rare *in its* Noveltie, *and ſo* excellent *in* difference *from thoſe which have* preceded, *that thou ſhalt finde nothing in* it *commune with* them, *but my* name. *Thou mayeſt* conſider *moreover, that I dedicate* Bookes *to* KINGS *and* QUEENES *not every* day, *and that theſe* objects *of ſuch* eminent magnificence *doe ſo* nobly rouze *the* faculties *of my* Soule, *that I could*

could not have pettie thoughts *for such* high Personages. *'Tis that, which without* ostentation, *makes me* beleeve, *that if thou* buy *once againe this* Booke, *and tak'st the paines to* reade *it, thou wilt* regreet *neither the* Time, *nor* Money, *which thou shalt* employ *therein.* ADIEU.

If thou bee'st of so good an humour, to pardon the Faults, excuse those of the Impression.

APPROBATIO LUTETIÆ PARISIORUM.

QVi *moribundam vitam*, qui edacem vitæ mortem in hoc *Speculo* Liber exprimit; te *Lector* tibi objicit tam felici veri ſpecie, tam clara ſublimis ſtyli *Luce*, ut temet fugere nequeas. *Frequens* contuere, ne tetra hæc tua ſpecies æternùm tua ſit. Ita apprecor.

MART. LUENKENS, *Sanctæ Theol. Lic. & Prof. Ordin. Apoſt. & Regius*, L.C.

The

The APPROBATION, when Printed at PARIS.

THis Booke, which expreſseth to thee in a Mirrour *a dying life, and life-devouring Death, layes thee open to thy ſelfe,* Reader, *in ſuch a happie ſhape of truth, and ſo cleare a light of a ſublime ſtyle, that thou canſt not ſcape thy ſelfe.* Gaze *hereon often, that this ill preſence of thine, as now it is, may not be ſo thine* eternally. *Thus I wiſh.*

MART. LUENKENS, Licentiate of ſacred Theolog. and Prof. Ordin. Apoſtolicke and Regall, *L. C.*

The

The SCOPE addreſt to the SERIOUS.

LEt merrier Spleenes reade *Lazarill*, or laugh
At *Sancho Pancho*, or the *Grapes-blood* quaffe;
And tickle up their *Lungs* with interlace
Of *Tales*, and *Toyes*, that furrow up the face
With wrinckling *Smiles*: But if they *abuſive* be
To ſlight *theſe hints* of their *Mortalitie*,
Urg'd by our *Authour*; 'tis a *fooliſh way*,
And weakely does become *corruptive Clay*.
If they doe meerely *carpe*, and lye o'th' catch,
Harme be to them, that onely for harme watch.
Solomon ſaid it, *the deriding ſcornes*
Of fooles are but cracklings of flaming thornes.
Let them that will our *ſober ſadneſſe* ſhun,
Goe to the *merry Devill of Edmonton*,
Or ſome ſuch *Plot*, whoſe *Author's* drift hath bin
To ſet the *people* on the merry pinne.
Here is no *Scope* for ſuch as love to jeere,
Nor have we *Theame* for *Panto-Mimicks* heere.
They that are *ruſht* with each *jygging Toy*,
Let 'em *laugh* on, and jolly *mirth* enjoy.

Fairely

Fairely be this a *warning*, here's no *sport*,
And 'tis all one, if they be *sorry* for't,
Or if they *care* not. Sit they *merry* then,
Here's for the *Genius* of more *solide men*.
SERRES salutes the *serious*; who are such,
Their better-moulded *intrals* he doth twich
With stirring *truths*, and weigh 'em to the poize
Of equall *judgement*, without *gigling* noise.
Sad *Meditations* here compose the *Looke*
Socratick-like, with no *flash-humour* shooke;
Dust, *Earth*, and *Ashes* are the *Epithites*
Here propriate to the *best*, and all the *Sights*
Expos'd in this *True* MIRROVR to the *Eye*,
Are *Death*, the *Grave*, and the World's *Vanitie*,
The *frailtie* of *mankind*; and some have try'de,
Such *pensive thoughts* will *lay* the *dust* of *Pride*.

THE

THE PARAGRAPHS,
(so compriz'd in the *Emblemes*)
giving subject to the *Author's*
Discourses following.

I.

PHILIP, *the King of* Macedon,
Dayly was rowz'd, *and call'd upon*
By a shrill Page, *whose* Bon-jour *ran*,
Remember, SIR, you are a Man.

II.

A Shirt *is* all *remaines in* fine,
To victorious SALADINE;
At Death, *a* piece *of* Linnen *is*
All, *that Great* Monarch *could call* his.

ADRIAN

III.

ADRIAN *ſlights* Triumphall glory,
In the Grave *founds his* prime ſtory,
Before all pompe *hee doth preferre*
His Mauſolæan Sepulcher.

IV.

DIOGENES, *in* Cynicke *guiſe*,
Puts ALEXANDER *to ſurmiſe*,
I'th' Miſcellanie *of the* Dead,
Which is a King's, *or* Common's *Head.*

A Morallize *on theſe*, Sieur SERRES *writes*,
Nor Comick Jeaſts, *nor* amorous toy's *endites*,
Their Paphian Dames *whil'ſt others looſely ſing*,
The Knell *of* Death *his ſolemne* ſtyle *doth ring*:
Thoſe ſubjects, *which whole* heards *of* Poets *uſe*
Thred-bare, *his nobler* Soule *diſdaines to chuſe*:
While richly ſuch a Reader *Theſe will fit*,
Whoſe judgement *prizeth* wiſedome *above* wit.

A PROLVSION
upon the EMBLEME of the first *Chapter*, or *Tract*.

RISE, for a *ſerene Morne* brings on the *Day*,
The *Sunne* is mounted onward of his *way*,
The *Anthymne's* high among the feather'd *Quires*,
A lively *breath* the agile *Aire* inſpires.
Draw-ope the *Curtaines* doe not cloſe the *Eye*
From the *freſh beauties* of the *Azure-Skie*.
Marke what a ſmart *Bon-jour* his *Page* did bring
Each *Morne* to PHILIP, (*Macedonia's* King,
REMEMBER (*Royall Sir*) YOU ARE A MAN,
The *houres* are wing'd, the length of *life's a ſpan*.
This pow'rfull *hint* ſtirr'd up the *King* to *riſe*,
Whoſe name *Heroick deeds* immortalize.
Groſſe-vapour'd, heavie-headed *ſleepers* wake,
In the bright *Morne* no more ſoft *ſlumbers* take:
For *Action* Man was *made* Our *Life's a Race*,
He that would *winne* the *Prize*, muſt *runne* apace.
Be not *e-chanted* with the lulling *Downe*,
That *charmes* the *ſenſes* in *Lethargick ſwowne*;
Leave the *encloſure* of *Bed-Canopie*,
And give the *view* more ſpacious *libertie*:
Forſake the *grave-type Couch*, where *Death* doth keepe
His nightly *Seſſions*, imaged by *Sleepe*.

He

He that's a *Dormouse* for the time is *dead*,
And is *entomb'd* alreadie in his *Bed*.
Who knowes how soone that *sheet*, whereon he *lyes*,
May single serve to *enwrap* him when he *dyes*?
How soone these lazie *feather-bedded bones*
May *Coverletted* be with *Marble-stones*?
Where no *joynt-supling-warmth* shall give *refresh*
To high-fed *veines*, or ease-improved *flesh*;
Where those puffe *grossures*, which o're-curious *cost*
Hath *surfet-swolne* are *putrified*, and *lost*.
Who would be *Epicurian*, since 'tis thus,
Wee that *eate* all things else, *wormes* will *eate Us*?
Or who would be o're-haughtie, since to *Earth*
He must *returne*, as thence he had his *Birth*?
Mean while, 'though *life's quick-sand* doth *hourely passe*,
A sluggard *sleepes* out more then *halfe* his *Glasse*.
Be *Active* while you may, for *Time's post-haste*
Spurres on each forward *Minute* to the *last*.
Such Thoughts as these best fit the *Morning's* prime,
To *Rouze* Men's *Spirits* to *Redeeme the Time*.
Let such our *Mattens* be, ere *Death's* sad *Knell*
Summon our wand'ring *Soules* to *Heaven* or *Hell*.

THE

PHILIP *King of* MACEDON *comanded one of his Pages to Awake him euery Morning, & Call aloud to him* SIR Remember *that* You *are a* MAN .

THE MIRROVR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. I.

MAN, *remember thou art Man*, never forget thy name, if thou wilt not forget thy safety: Thou art called *Earth*, thou art made but of *Earth*, but the *Earth* subsists, and thou vanishest; but the earth remaines firm, and thy dust flyes away: Study thy miseries, Meditate thy disasters. Thou art nothing in effect; but if thou be any thing imaginable, I dare

Homo ab humo.

Man is a thing of nothing, onely in appearance somwhat.

dare not so much as compare thee unto a dreame, because the frailty of thy nature hath something both more feeble, and lesse constant: an Apparition hath above thee the simplicity of the Elements, whereof it is composed, a shadow implies yet the advantage of the Nobleness of its beginning, since the light produceth it. Nay lastly, a very straw, or an Atome, dispute against thee also with reason, for the purity of substance, since they are corruptible, without infection. but thy heape of filth gives horrour to thy owne thoughts; insomuch that I am constrained to match thee to thy selfe, for to suggest thee the truth of thy slightness?

One cannot give the description of Man, but by misery, nor of misery but by Man.

What a goodly Schoole is the world; and our condition a faire booke: and all the sad accidents, to which Nature subjects it, as so many gracious Lessons?

May not a man iustly say that the earth is a Colledge, wherein the diversity of Times and Ages, signe out the diversity of Classes, in which wee may equally make the course both of our studies and dayes, under the sway of those miseries which

which accompany us without ceaſe: the poorenesſe of our way of birth, may ſtead us as a rudiment in the firſt Claſſe: the cryes and teares of the cradle, are our Grammar, the creeping weakeneſſe, and pittifull infirmities of Boy-age like ſoe much Rhetoricke, and now can there be a more ſubtile Philoſophy, then that of the conſideration of the calamities which are deſtined to youth? Is it not eaſie to become a great Naturalliſt by vertue of meditating the fruitfulneſſe of our nature in the production both of ils, and paines which continually afflict us? and what better Metaphyſicks, then contemplations of our Beeing, ever rowling to its ruine? Let us draw then the concluſion of this Argument, and joyne with as much reaſon as intereſt to theſe two Volumes ſo renowned, the Bible, and the face of Heaven, where al ſorts of Sciences are in their ſource. *This* alſo of our mortall and decaying nature, ſince it inſtructs us the Art to pry our ſelves in our Corruptions, that wee may recover our ſelves in immortality.

Miſhaps and paines, are the fruits of the garden of our life.

He which goes out Doctor in the knowledge of himſelfe, is ignorant of nothing.

Death and immortality are only ſeparated, but with the length of an inſtant.

When I conſider that the Earth was created of nothing, and Man made of

Man of nothing.

this nothing, and the greatneſſes which environs him, are nothing at all, and all the pleaſures which hee idolatrizeth, are alſo of the ſame ſtuffe: I remaine all confuſed with aſtoniſhment, nor ever able to conceive the ſubject of his vanity, nor the reaſon of his arrogance, poore corrupted Vapour with advancing it ſelfe, is ſoon transformed into a Cloud, to conceale its noyſomneſſe, but yet by way of this elevation, is reſolved into Lightnings and Thunder, and afterward retumbles into the ditches from whence firſt it had its beginning. A Puffe of wind which rumbles in its owne violence, angry perhaps that it cannot ſubſiſt, but in flying, and that the action of its continuall flight, is the beginning of its ruine. A ſmoake, which with a vaine aſſault will needes ſcale the Heavens, and yet hardly can one well diſtinguiſh the intervall betweene its firſt Beeing and extinction: a poor gliſtering Worme which dazles none but purblind ſpirits, and gives light to thoſe wormes, which devoure it in private, A ſtreame alwayes murmuring, alwayes trilling away. And now why ſhall all theſe goodly nul-

The world ſubſiſts not, but upon the foundation of its continual revolution.

A vapour.

Man elevating himſelfe too high meaſures the depth of the Abyſſes of his Precipice.

A Blaſt.

Smoake.

A Worme.

Wee are all already, but rottenneſſe, ſince already wormes begin to devour us.

A ſtreame.

lities

ties, and all these pleasant *Chimeraes* insinuate to us the vanity which they are of? shall these cozening appearances be stablish'd here below with Soveraignty? bee it then onely in desire, or in dreame, for with what gilded rinde so ere they bee out-sided, Corruption is their Forme, and Dust their Matter.

Every thing corrupts, the very eye which now reads these truths shall not be exempt.

I am astonished that Man should be capable to mistake himselfe, even to the point of forgetting what hee was, then, when hee yet was not: what he is now, whilst he enjoyes the beauty of the day, and what hee must one day bee at the Sun-set of his life: Assuredly yes, I am astonisht at it, since all created things may serve him for a *Mirrour* to contemplate therein, apparantly the verity of his miseries.

Nature exhibites us so many Mirrours of Inconstancy, as she hath produced objects.

The Heavens, though whirling about with a Motion, alwayes equall in the same spaces of their carreere, doe not cease to wax old, & even their age represents to us naturally our decay. Though the Starres shine with a sparkeling luster, as cleare as at the first Day of

Since that Nature it selfe is mortall, this second cause ceasing, the ruine of these effects is infallible.

their creation, yet as they are attached withinthose circles of Ages, whose continual motion is limited, they approach by little and little to their last West, where their light must be extinct, and the pace of their course shewes us the way of our life, since time conducts us all together, though diversly to our end. The Fire so greedy, that it devours it selfe, when finding no more fuell to nourish it, is it not a Mirrour of the Lampe of our life, whose kindled weeke goes out, when the Oyle of the Radicall moysture failes it? The Aire, which corrupts continually, is it not an Image of our corruption? and without doubt the Waters transparent body, represents us the fragility of ours, and its liquid crystalline, alwayes rolling away makes us see in its gliding, our flitting nature. The earth could not have figured us better then shee doth, since wee are to day of the same matter, and to morrow of the like forme. What fairer Mirrour then that of Flowers, where we may see in one day the whole course of our life, for at Sun-rise the buds resemble our Infancy, at noone the same

Every thing flees away from us, and in running after them wee runne to Death

now

now full blowne, our youth, and at Dayes-end, themselves now quite withered, our last age. I will not speake of all the other Species of creatures animate, how every one in its selfe, though living, is an Image of death. It sufficeth me to cherish this remembrance, and leave to you thereof the meditation.

The world is a Nose-gay of flowers, which by little and little wither all together.

What shall I tell yee of Fortune, of honours, riches, and all these glorious qualities of valour, Beauty and a thousand other besides, which vanish away with us? This blind Goddesse hath a Mirrour under her feet, whose round figure shewes us at once, both her instability, and our inconstancy, as for greatnesse and riches, the ashes of those which have possest them, are as so many fresh Crystalls of a Mirrour, *which flatters not*, wherein we may see the vanity both of their enjoyment, and of their possessors. Those other qualities of faire and valiant, are of the same nature, as those sensitive and vegetable soules, which dye together with the subject which they animate, without leaving ordinarily so much as one smal

Fortune hath nothing more her owne, then her inconstancy.

There is nothing immortall in man but vertue.

memoriall, for marke that they have had a beeing otherwise: and in sequell to these truths, can you find a truer *Mirrour*, then this of our selves, since every part, (nay what say I?) every action, and every sigh is an animate pourtrait of Death; Insomuch that wee draw the breath of so many continuate Gaspes, without ability of dispose of one onely instant, to give intervall to this exercise.

Man is the Mirrour of Man, so that by due contemplation of one part, he may save the whole.

How is it then possible that Man should mis know himselfe, having such faithful *Mirrours* before his eyes, where at all times hee may see apparantly the Truth of his Nature kneaded in Corruption, formed by it, and destroyed also by the same; Strange thing! he can see nothing in the World, but Images of inconstancy, and yet will not apprehend his owne change: whatsoever shall smite upon his eare, will resound nothing but the bruit of his flight, and yet he will not thinke upon his retreat.

All the obiects of the world bid us Adieu, while we but regard 'em since they are alwayes fleeing away.

Lastly his other Sences, and his fancy, shall have no other object but this of the continuall vicissitude of all

all things, and yet hee will remaine firme and ſtable in his vanity, till death ruine its foundation. Thus in the deceitfull opinion, wherein hee is, of poſſeſſing all things, hee looſeth the poſſeſſion of himſelfe, and having too much dreamed on his pleaſures, his Life is paſt as a Dreame without returne. I muſt tell you one of my meditations.

To muſe always of Death, is the way of Immortality.

I ſhall never be able to comprehend the meaning of thoſe, who moane themſelves againſt Fortune, the World and all the pleaſures of this life. One forſooth will upbraid to this fooliſh Deity, her deceipts, without conſidering that he deceived himſelfe in giving Truſt to a Goddeſſe, that nere had any. Hee yet will accuſe her to have conducted him ſtill through craggy wayes, and over-ſpread with thornes, as if in following one that is blind, a man ſhould not hazard to run *this danger.*

A man may well complaine againſt Fortune, theſe vaine regreetes, exempt him not from the paine.

Another will make ye freſh complaints againſt the World, deteſting it's Sweetes, curſing it's charmes and calling it a Thouſand times deceipt-

The world may well bee the inſtrument of our deſtruction, not the cauſe.

full.

full: but why? one would say to hear these plaints, that the world began but now to receive its birth, I meane were but now newly created, that no man knowes it yet, and that its first couzenages began, but now to be discovered? What folly! is not this to cheat ones selfe, to have commerce with a cheater? the world never yet bore any other name or title, why then ayme we to nourish our selves with its delights, whose after-bitternesse empoysons sensibly our soules? But if its charmes be powerfull enough to tempt reason, they are yet too feeble to vanquish it, provided that the will consent not so, that a man remaine convict of all the crimes, whereof he may be accused.

The number of those whom the world hath deceived, is so great, that they that still trust it, are now no more excusable.

What seeming ground then have we to be enraged against those pleasures which we have received, if our selves only give them both being and forme? the Fancies conceive these delights, and the will gives them birth, they are the workes whereof our imaginations form the Species, and our desires make the Metamorphosis, changing them into objects palpable, and sensible, which

The will is so free that it cannot suffer violence, but from it selfe.

are

are markes of the scale of our depravednesse.

Let a man then abhorre pleasures instead of accusing them, detest their vanity in lieu of complaining of their deceitfulnesse. But if they be criminall, they onely beare the staine of their Fathers, and if they be complices of our destruction, tis we give them Birth, to give us death.

Pleasures are the greatest enemies of life, for in casting flowers upon our heads, they fill our hearts with thornes.

Let men cease to lament of Fortune, since the Mirror of its flying scarfe, and wings expresse to the life its lightnesse, and our folly.

Fortune is still her selfe, he which trusts her, takes delight to bee cheated.

Let none Argue any more that the world is cause of our ruine, since we cannot chuse but tread every houre over the dust and ashes of those, who have too late repented to have followed it. As for voluptuousnesse, tis a vaine *Idea*, to which our passions give a body, to make it serve as a sensible object of their brutality, insomuch that it can do nothing, but by our first motions, taking its vigour from our force, and its power from our Soveraigntie, and this renders us doubly culpable, palleating our faults, instead of acknowledging them,

Pleasure still takes its force from our voluntary weakenesse.

them, since lamients, rather than excuses, might absolve us them.

Is it not that St. *Iohn Chrysostome* toucht with compassion of our miseries cries out in astonishment of our weakenesse: '*Oh World how many hast thou deceived!* but this is its trade and profession. *O Fortune how many hast thou made to fall!* but even yet still, while I am speaking, shee gives employment to her treason, and exercise to her Tyrannie. *O Pleasures comfitted in Sweets, and yet steeped in bitternesse, how many have yee poysoned!* but yet their venome is so common, that the whole earth is infected with it. What remedy then to all these ils? No other then this, to pry into ones selfe, in the *MIRROVR* of his owne Ashes, A MIRROVR alwayes hanging at the Girdle, and *which flatters not.* A MIRROVR whose glasse, though more brittle, then one of Crystall, makes us yet to see that all the objects of the World are false, but that of our *Corruption*, a *Mirrour*, which represents us more lively in our pourtraict, then in our selves, A *Mirrour* whose kind of shadow and *Chimera* makes us see in effect,

'Tis more then folly, when the folly of others, serves us not for example.

Wee can no better contemplate any thing, then in the Mirrour of our Nothing.

effect that which we are in appearance.

A *Mirrour* all miraculous, which preserves certaine Species's of nothing to render them sensible to our knowledge. A *Mirrour* all divine, which metamorphosing our bodies into shadows, yet expresses us so naturally, that the most arrogant cannot mistake themselves. A *Mirrour* lastly, which Nature hath charmed with it's owne proper spels, to the end, that vewing himselfe herein, a Man may be able to resist the charmes of the World's allurements.

All the Mirrours of the World flatter, except this of our miseries.

I am greatly astonisht at those that preach us the Knowledge of our selves, to be so troublesome, and difficult, since that at all times, and in all places, of all sides and all sorts of fashions, wee are Nothing at all, or if by an excesse of flattery and vanity, I borrow some names to expresse truely what wee are, it can bee no other then those of durt and mire, whose noysomnesse takes away all doubt on it, from the most incredulous.

If a man would still study himselfe he would become the wisest of the world.

In what then consists this trouble of studying to know one's-selfe, since the most ignorant may in this, goe out

Selfe-knowledge onely difficile to the proud.

out Doctors in the schoole of our miseries: where lies the difficulty to arrive to this knowledge? when the very wind of our sighes carries away, every moment, some of that polluted dust, whereof wee bee made. Where is this paine, say I yet, since our senses and spirits can have no other object, then this of Inconstancy, as unseparable to their nature, as it is proper to our condition. And what can bee this difficulty, when we are capable of no action more, then to destroy our selves? We must breake this rinde farther.

Humility is a skil full Schoolemaster, to teach us to know our selvs

I will beleeve that every one knowes *from whence he comes and whither he goes*, that his body is but a worke of rottennesse, and that the wormes attend thereof the prey, as a nourishment which to them is destinated: but it is important to consider that these truths, though sensible, are oftenest put in oblivion, and this default of memory denotes that of knowledge. He which museth upon his slightnesse, undervalueth (except God) all things, and vanity would never be able to surprise us, during the interim of this meditation. Man knows

A man knowes no more then hee remembers.

very

very well that he is Mortall, but whilst he never thinkes seriously of the necessity of dying, this knowledge is forgot, though he dye without cease, and in loosing the remembrance of his condition, looses the knowledge therof.

The remembrance of Death makes us forget the vanities of Life.

Remember that you are a Man said his page every morning to *Philip* of *Macedon*. This great Monarch made himselfe to be rouzed every day from sleep, with *the Newes of Death*, fearing to be charmed with the *sweetes of Life*. Greatnesses environ him on all parts, to make him forget his humility, but understand you not the delicate Aire, which he causes to be sung to the tune of his miseries: the pompe and Magnificence of his riches dazle his eyes with their lustre, that he might never consider the wretchednesse which is proper to him. But you see how he makes himselfe to be awaked with the noyse of this truth, ever to cherish its remembrance: *Sir remember that you are a Man*; oh how many Mysteries are comprised in these wordes! behold the Allegory on't.

The way to passe our dayes contentedly, is to think everyhoure of the last.

The remembrance of the poorenesse of Death, is a potent charme to resist the memory of greatnesse of Birth.

Great Kings remember you are subject to many more Miseries, then you have

If we be different in manner of life, we are all equall in necessity of dying.

have subjects in your Empire. *Great Monarchs remember* that of all the great extention of your *Territories* there shall not remaine you one onely foot, so jealous are the wormes of your glory. *Great Princes remember* that your Scepters and your Crownes, are such feeble *markes* of greatnesse, that fortune sports with them, Time mocks at them, and the Wind shal sweep away their Dust: Soveraigne Judges *of the Life of Men, remember* that although you are above the Lawes, *This* of Dying is inviolable.

Cares and anxieties surpasse in number the pleasure of Kings.

The *Fable* is pretty, of the resolution, which the flowers and plants took to elect a King and Queene, and as the number of Voyces gave the election, the *Marigold* was declared to bee the King of the Flowers, and the *Bryar* Queene of Plants, and under this toy lies hid serious verities.

Is there any thing fairer in all the borders of the Garden of Nature, then the flower of the *Marigold*? Its golden Tincture of the colour of the Sun, at first view dazeleth so delightfully; that the Eye amazedly gazing with ad-

admiration of its fresh-displayed beauty, can hardly retire its regards from an object so agreeable. But gather it, and dight it on you, and its sent produces a thousand dislikes in the Mind, for that one onely, which you hold in your hand, for hence of a suddaine the humours become dull, and melancholy having beene annoyed with so faire a fulsomnesse.

Royalty is absolutely the same: The Scepters are as fresh flowers of *Marigold*, whose lustre and beauty equally ravishing, attract at first glance to their admiration the Soule by the eyes; but if a Man take them into his grasp, or deck his head with them, hee shall find himselfe fill'd with anxious cares by this coverture. If you doubt of this, aske *Seleucus*, hee will answere, That the first moment of his Raigne, was the last of his Quietnesse.

If Crownes and Scepters were to be sould, wise men would never buy them.

The Sweet-bryar also bore away the Royaltie; for who would not love it with its Rose? O how both together have powerfull attractives, to tempt equally, both the heart to de-

sire them, and the hand to plucke them? And 'tis in vaine that Nature hath given armes to the jealousie of its prickles, to serve for the defence of its flowers; since these sharpes are as so many baits, which irritate us rather with *Desire* then *Feare*. All the world insert it in their nose-gayes; but the prickles remaine, the Rose withers.

Thornes are the Roses of Kings gardens.

Say we then also, that Royalty is a faire Sweet-bryar, accompanyed with its Roses; I meane many contentments of the same nature. Both together have great charmes to affect us both with love and desire, but the Bryars of the Crowne remaine, the Rose of delights withers. O how ponderous is the loade of this greatnesse? And if you beleeve not me, enquire hereof of the puissant King *Mithridates*, hee will often reiterate to you, *That he never sigh'd, but for the ponderous burden of his Crownes.*

Great miseries are destinated to great fortunes.

SIR, REMEMBER YOV ARE A MAN.

The felicity of Kings hath much more lustre, then Reality.

But what is there here to pride in? May it be of the greatnes of his Dominions?

nions? This is but an alien good, which admits not to be posseſt but by vanity, ſince its honours and pleaſures have nothing elſe more in propriety. To be an amply landed-man, is to have miry ſoyle to ſell, and ſmall profit to make thence.

Kings may trouble themſelves to conquer the earth, it ſtill triumphs over them.

Sir remember you are a Man. What may be his ambition? may it be to conquer the whole world, what will he doe with it after conqueſt, ſince it is a Ball of ſnow, which Time melts by little and little, tumbling it without ceſſation.

Sir remember you are a Man. What might be his deſignes? Should hee pretend to Altars, and Temples, what oblations can be made to a Victime, whom Death holds continually at a bay? can Incenſe be offered to a Dunghill, or an Idoll made of a Sink? the very thought ſhockes common ſenſe.

He which makes himſelfe to be adored, is rather fit to be Deaths Victime then to be idolatrized.

Sir, remember that you are a Man. What can hee doe with his abſolute power? A little ſtone makes him ſtumble; a ſtraw can blind him; a ſhadow, an *Atome*, a thing of nothing

Man is ſo miſerable, that I am amaz'd hee pities not himſelfe.

are capable to reduce him to nothing at all. And is not this an object of pity, rather then of envy? Great Kings, these are truths too important for you, to loose their remembrance.

Well may you out-brave the heavens with a bristling eye-brow; the onely imagination of its Thunderclaps, holds you already in alarme. Boldly may you tread vpon the Earth with a disdainefull foot; the Same whereof you are made, shall shortly be so troden, when the wormes are glutted with it. *Remember that you are Men*, and that all the objects of riches and honours which environ you, are of the same Nature as you are. You are dying every moment and every thing falls away without cease.

I have said to corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worme, thou art my mother and my sister. Iob. 17. 14.

When I represent to mind your heads, diadem'd with a rich Crowne I conceive it a little point infirm'd and closed in a circumference, whose lines abut at the center of corruption, lines of magnificence, which terminate at the point of wretchednesse.

The head that weares the crowne, weares away with it.

I

If I consider you with Scepter in hand, me thinks I see a simple shrub, planted upon worser earth, the shrub dries up, and is reduced to dust, the ground remaines that it was before.

Scepters and the hands which hold them, are equally perishable.

Let me contemplate you seated upon your Thrones, deckt with your richest ornaments, my imagination shewes me a *Iupiter* in picture, holding the Thunder in his hand; for you are so weake for all your absolute power, that if you presume hardily to raise your head, but to looke upon the Sunne, your eyes will water at the same time, to expiate with your teares, the crime of your arrogance.

A strange thing that the clarity should blind us, though it be the principall of the view.

Great Kings, Remember then, that you are not *Great*, but in miseries. Soveraigne *Monarchs*, *Remember*, *that* your Empiredome is but a servitude, since you are subject to all the disasters of your subjects. Powerfull Princes, one gust of wind defies to the struggle your absolute power. *Sacred Majesties*, I salute you to day by this name: but to morrow I will change termes, and call you *Skeliton*s and carkasses, to the end that in speaking

All the attributes of worldly glory accompany us but to the grave.

king this truth, all the world may know you, I will change my tone.

How ingenious are the Poets in their fancies? They recount us, how that Inconstancy being banisht from heaven, descended upon earth, with designe to have her picture drawne, and upon the refuse, that Painters made of it, shee addrest herselfe to Time, who after he had considered her in all her diversities, made use at last of the visage of Man for the finishing cloth, wherein having represented her to the life, all the world tooke her for Man himselfe, since in effect 'tis but one and the same thing. O faire truth discovered by a fable.

Man serves for shittle-cocke to all things, since all things concurre to his ruine.

He then that now would see the Image of Inconstancy, let him consider the Life-touches and lineaments of it, upon his owne visage. Our fore-head which wrinkles every moment, is it not the very same as hers? Our Eyes, which by continuall use every houre, doe already require spectacles, are they not as hers? Our cheekes which now chap-fall are in nothing different from hers. In fine our visages

Man is Inconstancy it selfe, rather then its pourtrait.

are

are the onely *MIRROVRS WHICH FLATTER NOT.*

But what shall we answer notwithstanding to the objection of this truth, that, that which we see of *MAN*, is not the *MAN*. If his visage like a false Horologe index false, this our pourtraict of Inconstancy is meerely imaginary:

Though a Man hides himselfe under the vayle of hypocrisie, his defects alwayes breake through.

But is there any thing more inconstant then the spirit of Man? 'tis a weather-cocke for all winds, behold againe the first draughts of the visage of Inconstancy; must wee not of necessity compare his changing humour to hers, if a man would exhibit thereof but one example; and these are yet new lineaments, which represent us this levity. In fine, his thoughts, his desires, and all the passions of his mind, are but objects of vicissitude, capable of all sorts of impressions: so that in the perfection of the portraicture of Man, Inconstancy is found perfectly depainted. Let us proceed.

The spirit of Man is much more changing, then his body, for this changes onely in growing old, but that growes old onely in changing.

The fictions of Poets are yet serious enough, to serve us often for sufficient

Vertue onely can render us invulnerable.
A vertuous Man feares nothing.

ent entertaine of the time. 'Tis they which tell us of one *Achilles*, immortall in all the parts of his body, save onely his heele.

Great Kings, I will, if you please, take you for *Achilles's*, and will give out you are like him, invulnerable, but onely in the heele. But of what temper soever your Armes be, to what purpose serve they you with this defect? This onely blot dusks the luster of your glory. Nature has done surely well, to prodigallize upon you thus, both her graces and favours; she hath immortaliz'd you but by halfes. All your apparences are divine, but something within spoiles all, each particular is a heele, by which Death may surprize you.

Every Man would be immortall, but none takespaine to acquire immortality.

Shall I say then that you are *Achilles's*, who will beleeve me, since your heads serve but as Buts to the shafts of Fortune? To preach you invulnerable, a small scratch may thereon give me the lye. Truth more powerfull then flattery constraines me to call you by your name, for in remembrancing you that you are but Men,

'Tis onely the conscience of a just Man is of proofe, against the fireake of Time and Fortune.

I suggest you to the life all the disasters, which accompany your Life.

Thou hast much to doe, to make Panegyricks in praise of Man, O *Mercury Trimegistus*, and to maintaine so confidently, that he is a great Miracle, it must be then a Miracle of misery, since Nature produceth nothing so miserable as he is.

Man is so poore a thing, that one cannot give him a name but is advantagious to him.

And thou *Pythagoras*, which hast had the fore-head to perswade us, that Man was a mortall God, if thou hadst made Anatomie of his carkasse, the stench of his filth, had soone made thee change this language. *Plato* thou reason'st well upon this subject, yet without sound consideration, then when with an enforcement of spirit and eloquence, thou wouldst oblige us to beleeve, that Man is of the race of the Gods: yes surely, since thy Gods are Gods of earth, the cause is matcht to the effect, for Man is of the same matter. *Plotinus*, thou also did'st not misse it, when in favour of Man, thou said'st he was an abridgement of the wonders of the world, for since all it's wonders heretofore so famous

There is no Tongue in Nature which can furnish us with termes strong enough to expresse the miseries of Man.

mous are no more but dust and ashes, Man may hereof be the example with good reason.

O how much more is expert *David* in the knowledge of our condition, when he compares Man, not onely to the Dust, but to the Dust which flies away, to show us, that, that little which he is still, flies away till it be nothing in the end.

Memento homo quòd nihil es, & in nihilum reverteris.

But how glad am I O Lord, that I am but Dust, to the end that I may flie towards heaven, for the earth I undervalew. How I am satisfied that I am but *Ashes*, that I may but be able to keepe in my soule some little sparkle of thy love. What glory, and what contentment, too, is it to be devoured by wormes, since thou calleſt thy selfe a *Worme?* gnaw O Lord, gnaw both my heart and intrals. I offer thee them in prey, and regive me new ones, that may offend thee no more. I know well that my life flits away by little and little, but how agreeable is this flight unto me, since thou art its object. I see well that my *Dayes* slide away, and passe in continuall course.

Ego sum vermis & non homo. Psal. 22. 6.

But

But O what consolation is it to be sensible of dying at all houres, for to live eternally? O Verities, againe, what ravishments have you to consolate the soules of the most afflicted? I returne to my subject.

Humility is ever honoured by all the world.

Wee reade of the Priests of the Gentiles, that they writ letters every yeere to their Gods, upon the Ashes of the Sacrifices, which they made upon the top of Mount *Olympus*, and I beleeve that this was upon designe, that they might thus be better received, being written upon this paper of humility. Let us fetch now some truth from this fancy. Let us write every day to heaven, upon the paper of our Ashes, confessing that we are nothing else, and let us make our sighs the faithfull messengers of these letters, as the onely witnesses of our hearts. I will hide my selfe under the *Ashes*, O Lord, to the end that thy Justice may not see me, said *David*. What Curtaine's this? This Soveraigne Justice which makes it bright day in hell, cannot pierce the *Ashes* to find underneath a Sinner. No,

All the parts of the body are as so many characters of dust, wherein may be read the truth of our nothingnesse.

S eest thou how Ahab humbleth himselfe. I will not bring the evill in his dayes 1 Kings 21. 29.

No, no, for this vaile has the vertue to reflect the beames of this revenging light within the source, which produced them.

Remember that I am nothing, O Lord, and that thou hast made me of nothing, and every moment canst reduce me to something lesse then nothing; cryes out *Iob*, in his miseries. He finds no other invention to appease the mild choller of his God, then putting him in mind of his infinite greatnesse, and at the same time of the pitifull estate, whereunto he is reduced. Why should you take Armes against me, O Lord, (pursues he) when the breath of your word is able to undoe the same, which it hath made me, *Remember, O Remember*, that I am but what the benigne influence of your divine regards permits me to be, for on the instant that you shall cease to regard me, I shall cease to live.

Recordare quæso, quòd sicut argillam fecisti me & in pulverem reduces me. Iob 10. 9.

Humility triumphs over all things.

Decke we then with Ashes our Body of Dust, and let us cover with a new earth our owne, to make Rampiers of proofe against the thunders of

Man remember thy beginning, for thou art not made of Fire like the Starres, nor of

of heaven. See you not how its all-powerfull Justice, finds limitation in the confession of our being nothing. We need feare nothing, acknowledging that we are nothing. Well may the thunder make a horrid rumbling, yet the Hyssope out-braves it in its lowlinesse. Feare and Humility ever abandon each others company. The onely meanes to triumph over all things, is to vanquish Ambition.

Aye like the winds, but of mine, from whence it is thou soyl'st all the world.

He which can overcome himselfe shall never be vanquish't by a greater Captaine.

O Lord, I durst scarce beleeve, that I am, if thy providence alone were not the Prop of my Being. But since thy goodnesse hath drawne me from the Abysse of Nothing; let thy grace cause me alwayes to keepe the remembrance of my originall. Before Time was, I was Nothing; now Time is, I am yet Nothing. But what happinesse is it to be Nothing at all, since thou art All-things? for if I search my selfe in vaine in my selfe, is it not sufficient that I am found in thee? I will then forget even mine own name, and muse of nothing, but of the *Chimera* of my being, since as a *Chimera*, it passeth away and vanisheth. The

onely

What a joy is it to passe away continually with all things, towards him that hath created all things?

onely consolation, that remaines me in my passage, is that thou alone remainest firme and stable, so that without end thou art the end of my carreere, and without bounds limitest the extent of my course, as the onely object, both of my rest and felicity. See me now upon returne.

Heaven changes the sighs of the Earth into tears, I meane its vapours into dew.

With what and ever to be adored lustre, appeares the love of God in his day, in the work of Man? Would not one say, that it seemes hee made him of earth, that hee might strow thereon, the seedes both of his blessings and graces! O fortunate Earth, which being diligently cultured, may bring forth the fruits of eternall happinesse!

Since we are of Earth, let us suffer this divine Sun of Love, to exhale the vapours of our sighs, for to metamorphose them into the teares of Repentance.

Boast thy selfe O Man, to be Nothing but Earth, since the heaven bedewes the Earth continually. But if with a provoked eye, it lancheth out, sometimes its thunders upon it, her selfe doth afford hereof the matter. Live alwayes Innocent, and thou shalt not know what 'tis to feare. Imploy thy selfe without cease, to measure the depth of the Abysse of thy nothingnesse.

thingneſſe; and though thou never pierce to the bottome hereof, thy paines ſhall not be unprofitable, becauſe ſeeking thy ſelfe in thy baſeneſſe, thou ſhalt alwayes recover thy ſelfe againe much greater then thou art.

The *Sunne*, this faire Planet of the *Day*, which with a continuall aſpect, contemplates all created things, cannot make reflexion of his beames to ſee himſelfe, as if his mother Nature had apprehended in making him ſo glorious; that the Mirrour of his light, might not be metamorphoſed into a fire of love, to render him amorous of his owne proper luſtre.

We are all amorous of our ſelves, not knowing for what, for our defects are objects rather of hate then Love.

But the *Intellect*, *this Sunne of our Soules*, has a faculty with which it can both contemplate out of it ſelfe all things, and repeale againe the ſame power to conſider it ſelfe, which makes a Man capable, not onely of the Meditation of the miſeries of the World, but alſo of that of the afflictions and troubles, which inſeparably keeps him company to the grave.

A Man cannot ſtumble ordinarily, but through perverſneſſe, ſince Reaſon enlightens him in the very worſt wayes.

We reade of *Moſes*, that God commanded

manded him to frame the * fore-front of the Tabernacle all of Mirrours, to the end, that those that should present themselves before his Altar, might view themselves, in this posture of Prayer. O this excellent Mysterie! Mortals; it behooves you to view your selves in the *Mirrour* of your Ashes, if you would have your vowes heard.

* The Laver which was before the Tabernacle. Exod. 38. 8.

God hath taught us an excellent way of Prayer, *Give us this day our daily bread.* But why O Lord, teacheſt thou us not to aske thee our bread for to *Morrow*, as well as for to day? O how good a reaſon is there hereof! This is becauſe that life hath no assurance of tom-orrow; beſides that it is an exceſſe of grace, that wee may be bold to crave of him, the bread of our nouriſhment for all a whole day, ſince every moment may be That of our Death. Reader, let this verity ſerve thee yet as a *Mirrour*, if thou would'ſt have thy prayers to pierce the heavens. This is not all, to know thy body is a Coloſſe of filth, which is traild along from one place to another

There is nothing assured in Life, but its continuall Death.

'Tis not sufficient to muse of the necessity of dying, but to consider also that every houre may be our Last.

ther, as it were by the last struggle of a Life alwayes languishing. It behooves thee also to call to mind, that every instant may terminate the course of thy troublesome carriere; and that this suddaine retreate, constraines thee to bid Adieu for ever to all the things of the world, which thou cherishedst most. Thoughts onely worthy of a noble spirit!

I have eaten Ashes as bread, sayes the Royall Prophet; but how is it possible? I conceive his thought. He entertained his soule with the remembrance of the Ashes of his body, and this truth alone serv'd as object to his imagination, for to satisfie the appetite of his Soule. *Lord* give me both the same relish and desire, to repast my selfe still thus, of Dust and Ashes, in remembrancing my selfe alwayes, that I am nothing else. O sweet remembrance of my rottennesse, since it steads me for eternall nourishment of my Soule! O precious memorie of my Nothingnesse, since able to satisfie the appetite of my heart! Let this be *the daily bread*, O *Lord*, which thou

Psal. 102. 9. Cinerem tanquam panem manducabam.

A man to abase himselfe below that which he is, being so poore a thing of nothing.

haſt taught me to aske thee, to the end, that all my deſires together might be ſatiated with this deare nouriſhment. I recolle& my ſelfe in this digreſſion.

Si vitrei eſſemus, minus caſus timeremus. S. Aug.

Having diverſe times muſed of the imbecillity and weakeneſſe of *Man*, I am conſtrain'd to cry out with St. *Auguſtin*, What is there that can be more fraile in Nature? If we were of Glaſſe (purſues hee) our condition might therein be better, for a Glaſſe carefully preſerv'd, may laſt long time, and yet what paine ſomever *Man* takes to preſerve himſelfe, and under what ſhelter ſomever, hee ſhrowds himſelfe, for covert to the ſtorme, hee breakes and is ſhattered of himſelfe.

There is nothing more brittle than glaſſe, yet man is more.

What reply you to theſe verities, *Great Princes?* Well may you now be arrogant: The fragilitie of Glaſſe cannot admit of compariſon, with this of your nature; what ſeat will you give to your greatneſſe? and what foundation to your vanity? when the wind alone of your ſighs, may ſhipwracke you upon the

Man is fully miſerable, ſince his life is the ſource of his miſeries.

Sea

Sea of your owne proper teares? what surnames will you *take* upon you, for to make you be *mis-taken?* That of *Immortall* would become you ill, since every part of your body, serves but as a *But* to the shaftes of *Death*. *Invincible*, would also be no way proper, since upon the least touch of mishap, you are more worthy of pity, then capable of defence. Would you be called *Gods?* your Idolaters would immolate you to their owne laughter. Tread under foot your Crownes, if rightly you will be crowned with them, you onely thus render your selves worthy of those honours, which you misprize: for Glory consists not in the possessing it, but in the meriting; and the onely means to obtaine it, is to pretend nothing at all to it.

A man may doe every thing with vertue, without it nothing

Heaven cannot bee acquired, but by the misprize of earth.

How remarkeable is the custome of the *Locrians* at the Coronation of their Kings: They burnt before them a handfull of Tow, to represent unto them the instability of their *grandeurs*, and the greedinesse of Time to destroy them. In effect, all the great-

All the grandour of Kings is but as the blaze of flaming tow.

neſſes of the Earth, are but as a bundlet of Tow; and then when *Darius* would make of them his treaſure, Miſ-hap ſet fire on them, and reduced 'em into Cinders, and when hee had yet in his heart a deſire to immortalize them, a new fire ſeaz'd his intrals, by the heat of thirſt, which burn'd him to the end to conſume at once, both the cauſe, and the effect. So true it is, that the Glory of the world vaniſheth away like *Smoke*. *Great Kings*, if you build a Throne of Majeſtie to the proofe, both againſt Time and Fortune, lay its foundation upon that of your miſeries. *Humility* takes her riſe in lowlineſſe, from the loweſt footing, when ſhe makes her flight into the heavens.

He which eſteems himſelfe the leaſt of all, is the greateſt.

O how admirable is the *Humility* of Saint *Iohn Baptiſt*! They would give him titles of Soveraignty, in taking him for the *Meſſias*: but call to your Memory, how with an ejaculation of Love and reverence, hee precipitates himſelfe both with heart and thought into the Abyſſe of his owne Nothingneſſe, there to admire in all humility

mility, both Greatneſſe and Majeſty in his Throne. *I am but a voyce*, ſayes hee, which beat at the eares to enter into your hearts.

Vox clamantis in deſerto Iohn 1.23.

A Voyce, which ruſtles in a moment, and paſſes away at the ſame inſtant; *What Humility!* Is there any thing which is leſſe any thing then a *Voyce?* 'Tis a puffe of wind, which a freſh one carries I know not where, ſince both loſe themſelves in the ayre, after its ne're ſolittle agitation, with their gentle violence. 'Tis nothing in effect, yet notwithſtanding, the proper name of this great Prophet. They would elevate him, and he abaſeth himſelfe ſo low, that he would render himſelf inviſible as a *Voyce*, ſo much he feares to be taken for him, whoſe ſhooe-latchet, he judgeth himſelf unworthy to unlooſe.

Chriſtus verbum, Iohannes vox.

Lord, what are we alſo, but a little Wind encloſed in a handfull of Earth? to what can one compare us, without attributing us too much vanity. True it is, that we are the works of thy hands, but all other created things beare the ſame Title, but if thy bounty hath beene willing to ad-

Iohn 1. 27. *A man is to bee eſtimated in proportion to the undervalue hee makes of himſelf*

vantage our nature with many graces, proper and ordinated to it alone, these are so many witnesses, which convince us, not to have deserv'd them, since our very Ingratitude is yet a Recognizing of this Truth. Insomuch that as our Life is nothing but sinne, and sinne is a meere privation, it may be maintained that wee are nothing else, and consequently nothing at all.

The most just man sinneth seven times a day.

But how Proud am I, O *Lord*, every time I thinke thou hast created me of Earth, for this is a Principall, which drawes me alwayes to it selfe, by a right of propriety; from whence I cannot defend my selfe. *All things seeke their repose in their element.* O how happy am I, to search mine in that of *Dust* and *Ashes*, whereof thou hast formed me? The *Earth* demands my *Earth*, and my body as a little Gullet, separated from its source, speeds by little and little, to the same source, from whence it had its beginning. And this is that which impeaches me from gathering up my selfe, to take a higher flight. I should doe bravely,

What is't for a man to triumph here of the worlds the earth expects his spoyle.

to

to hoyse my selfe above my Center, when the assay of my Vanity, and the violence of my fall, are but the same thing. I give still downewards upon the side of my weakenesses, and the weight of my miseries, overbeares upon the arrogance of my Ambition. O happy deffect; and yet more happy the condition, which holds me alwayes enchained to the dunghill of my Originall, since the links of this easie servitude, are so many *Mirrours* which represent me that I am nothing, whensoever I imagine my selfe to be something. Let us change our Tone, without changing subject.

Pride hoyses up, only to give a fall.

A man no doubt may misknow himselfe, yet the least hit of misshap teares the vaile of his hoodwinkenesse.

Ladyes, Remember that you dye every houre, behold, here a MIRROVR WHICH FLATTERS NOT. It shewes you both what you are, and such as you shall be. But if notwithstanding, you still admire your selves under an other visage, full of allurements, and sweets. This is but *Death* himselfe, who hides him under these faire apparences, to the end you may not discerne him. It is true, you have

A strange thing that death is still as neare us, as life, and yet wee never thinke on't.

gracefull Treſſes of haire which cover your heads, and his is all Bald, but doe not you heed, how hee pulls them off from yours by little every day, and makes thoſe which he leaves you, to turne White, to the end you may pull them out your ſelves?

It is true, your *Eyes* have a ſparkling luſtre, and beauty; but of his is ſeene onely the hideous place, where Nature had ſeated them: But doe you not conſider, how with continuall action, hee Dusks the glory of this beauty; and in concluſion, puts to Eclipſe theſe imaginary Pety-Suns.

It is true, your hue is of Lillyes, and your mouth of Roſes, upon his face is ſeene onely the ſtubs of theſe flowers: but call to mind, that he blaſts this Lilly-teint, as well as Lillyes themſelves; and that the vermillion of this Roſie-mouth laſts but as Roſes; and if yet you differ to day from him in ſome thing, you may reſemble him to-morrow in all. I leave you to meditate of theſe Truths.

ti me and Death are the onely inexorables.

Man is a true Mirrour, which repreſents to the naturall all things, which are

are oppos'd unto it. If you turne it downward to the Earth, we can see within nothing but objects of *Dust* and *Ashes*: but if you turne him to the Heavens-ward, there is to be admired in it beauties, and graces purely celestiall. In effect, if we consider *Man* in his mortall and perishable condition, hardly can one find any stay in this consideration, since hee is nothing else but a *Chimera*, whose forme every Moment, by little and little destroyes, to reduce it to its first nothing. And indeed, not to lye to ye, *Man*, is but a Puffe of Wind, since he lives by nothing else, is filled with nothing else, and dyes onely by Privation of it. But if you turne the Medall (I would say) the *Mirrour* of his Soule towards his Creator, there are seen nothing but Gifts of Immortality, but graces of a Soveraigne bounty, but favours of an absolute Will. The heavens and the Stars appeare in this Crystalline *Mirrour*, not by reflection of the object, but by a divine vertue proceeding from the Nature of his Cause. Let us to the End.

Man is as one picture with two faces, and often the most naturall is falsest.

Man is nothing in himself, yet comprehends all things.

What though man be made of earth; he is more divine than mortall.

Me

The slumber of vanities is a mortall malady to the soule.

Me thinks *This Page* returnes againe to day within the Chamber of *Philip* of *Macedon*, and drawing the Curtaine, cryes out according to his ordinary.

Sir, Awake, and Remember that you are a Man: but why rouzes hee him to thinke of *Death*, since sleepe is its image *Alexander* knew himselfe mortall by his sleeping; and in effect those which have said, that sleepe was the Brother of *Death*, have drawne their reason of it, from their reciprocall resemblance. *Awake then Great King!*; Not to ponder that you are mortall, your sleepe is a trance of this, but rather that you are created for immortality. *Remember you are Men.* I will not say, subject to all the miseries of the *Earth*; but rather capable of all the felicities of heaven. *Remember that you are Men.* I will not say the shittle-cocke of Time, and the But to all the shafts of Fortune, but rather victors over ages, and all sorts of miseries. *Remember that you are Men*; I will not say any more Conceiv'd in Corruption, brought forth by it, and also destroy-

A man should not forget his heavenly beginning, having heaven for a daily object.

ed

ed by it: But rather, I say, born for the glory of God, *Living* for to acquire it, and *Dying* for to possesse it. *Remember that you are Men*, I will say no more slaves of *Sinne*, the *Flesh*, and the *World*: but rather free for resistance to the first, strong enough to vanquish the next, and more powerfull yet to give a Law to the third: *Remember that you are men*, I will no more say the pourtract of Inconstancy, the object of every sort of ill, and the pasture of Wormes: But rather the Image of *God*, the subject of every sort of good, and the sole aliment of eternity, as created for it alone. *Remember that you are men*, I will not say made of clay, animated with mis-hap, and metamorphosed a'new into rottennesse; but rather made by the proper hand of God, animated by his bounty, and redeemed by his Grace.

If a man should consider his worth by that which he cost, hee would love himselfe perfectly.

A man may doe every good thing which hee desires, since in his impuissance his will is taken for the deed.

Man is sure a thing something divine, which is not seene even to it selfe.

I wonder at this, that they should call man a little world, since the least of his thoughts is able to signe out it's expansion beyond a thousand worlds. True it is that he was made of Earth, but the Master which hath made him, having also drawne himselfe in the middle of his

Though hee bee made of clay, the workmanship is yet all divine.

his worke (as did *Phidias*) renders him, more admirable than the Heavens. One might also judge at first view, that the greatest part of the creatures have many more Prerogatives then he. But contrarily the heavens, the Stars, and all that nature hath most precious, have in no sort correspondence or equivalence to his grandeurs: let us see the proofe on't.

I grant that the Sea may make us admire equally both it's vastnesse of Empire, and efficacy of power, the least teare of repentance which a Man sheds is a thousand times more admirable, since it remounts even to the source of that grace, which produc't it, and consequently beyond the Heavens. I grant that the Aire fils all, and its emense nature permits no vacuity, through the whole universe. The heart of man carries him farre higher, being never able to find satisfaction in it's desires, if it's Creators-selfe, though without measure, be not its measure. Let the Fire alwayes greedy and ambitious, scale the heavens in apparence with continual action by the vain attempts of its ejaculations; The least sparckle of the fire of divine

The heart of man is so vast, and spacious, that God only can fill it.

vine love wherewith man may be enflamed is so pure and so noble, that one can not conceave an example of its perfection. Suppose the transparent heavens have no matter, then that of other forme, and they render themselves thus wonderfull in their simplicity, as in their course still equall, and still continuall: the spirit of man is infinitely more excellent in its nature, and much more noble also in its actions, since it workes without selfe-motion, but with a manner so divine, that its thoughts carry it every where without change of state or place. Bee it that the Sun all marvellous in himselfe, and his effects produceth nothing but wonders. The Sun of reason, wherewith man is illuminate, is wholly miraculous, since it operates in a divine semblable manner: the vertue of other creatures vegetable, and sensitive is inseparably adioyned also to the body of man, as its materiall: Insomuch that he containes in a degree of eminence above all the creatures of the world, more perfections himselfe alone, then all they together have ever possessed.

A man who loves God with all his heart, lives upon earth in the same fashion, as they live in heaven.

The reason of man is a ray beaming from the Sunne of Divinity.

Man hath some titles of Nobility, to which the very Angels themselves cannot pretend.

An l

And I shall well say more yet. That Man hath certaine puissances of disposition to elevate himself so high in his humility, that the Angels shall be below him.

If man were againe to bee sold, who could ransome him as hee cost?

But if I shall yet moreover poize Man, in the ballance of the Crosse of his Saviour, and set him at the price of the blood, wherewith hee was redeemed, which of the creatures, or rather, which of the Angels, will be so bold, to dispute the preeminence?

Great Kings Remember then, that *you are Men:* but more admirable in your governments, then the *Sea* in its vastnesse. *Remember that your are Men,* but also capable to purifie the *Ayre,* by one onely sigh, though even that sigh be made of nothing else. *Remember that you are Men,* but a thousand, thousand times yet more noble then the *Fire,* since the Seraphins burne incessantly with those divine *Fires,* wherewith your hearts may bee enflamed. *Remember that you are Men:* but more perfect then the Heavens, since they were not created, but to powre upon your

A man makes himselfe above all things, if hee undervalue them with misprize.

heads their benigne influences. *Remember that you are Men*, but more marvellous without comparison, then the Sunne; since your Reason is a divine light, which can never suffer Eclipse, but by opposition from a voluntary depravednesse. *Remember that you are Men:* but also destin'd to command over all other living creatures. *Remember that you are Men:* but also kneaded as it were, by the hand of one All-powerfull, formed after his Image, and redeemed by his blood, what can one say more?

Man is an abridgement rather of the marvels of heaven, than of the miracles of earth.

Unto what a point of Glory hast thou then elevated me, O sweet Saviour? in abasing thy selfe even to the grave. After thou hadst formed me of earth, thou hast also taken the same forme for to resemble me in all things. Thou I say, O my God, whose infinite greatnesse, cannot admit onely the very admiration of the Seraphins, but through the Traverse of the Vaile of their ordinary submissions. What prodigie of bounty is this! Cause me then O *Lord*, if it please thee, that I may estimate my selfe at the price, which

If a man did often muse of the end, for which he was created, hee would therein set up his rest for all the inquietudes of the world.

which thou haſt ranſomed me for, and that in ſuch ſort, that I may live no more, but in loving thee, to dye alſo one day of the ſame diſpoſition. Let me be *humbly-haughty*, carrying the lineaments of thy reſemblance, that I may alwayes follow thee, though not able to imitate thee. This is that, which I will continually implore thee for, untill thou haſt heard my vowes.

The magnificence of man hath neither bounds nor limits, ſince God is his end.

I advow now, O *Mercurie Trimegiſtus*, that thou haſt reaſon to publiſh, that *Man is a great miracle*, ſince God himſelfe hath been willing to eſpouſe his condition, to ſhew us in its miſeries the miracles of his Love.

Though a man ſtill fade away, hee is yet a lively portray of immortallitie.

I confeſſe *Pythagoras*, that thou haſt had no leſſe ground to maintaine that *Man was a mortall God*, ſince except this ſweet neceſſitie, which ſubjects him to the Tombe, hee has a thouſand qualities in him all immortall. I ſhould finally have beene of adviſe with thee *Plato* then, when thou preacheſt, every where, that Man was of the race of the Gods, ſince a piece of work ſo rare, and ſo perfect,

could

could not proceed but from a hand Omnipotent, I meane this Rivelet of admiration could not proceed but from a source most adorable. I am of thy opinion *Plotinus*, & henceforth will maintaine every where with thee, that *Man* is an abridgement of the wonders of the world: Since that all the Univers together was created but for his service, & pleasure. Say we yet moreover, that those wonders of the world, so renowned, are but the workes of his hands; so that also the actions of his spirit can take their Rise above the Sun, and beyond the heavens, and this too now in the chaines of its servitude.

All the creatures are admirable, as the effects of a soveraigne and independant cause: but man has attributes of an unparalleld glory.

Great Kings, Be it supposed that you are living pourtraits of Inconstancy: The perfection of your Nature lyes in this defect of your powers, for this Vicissitude, which God hath rendred inseparable to your condition, is a pure grace of his bounty: since you wax old onely, that you may be exempted from the tyranny of Ages: since (I say) you dye every moment, only to make acquisition of that immortallity, to which his love has destin'd you.

Man flies away by little & little, from one part of himselfe, that he may entirely into himselfe.

This defect of inconstancie is the perfection of man; since he is changeable to day to bee no more so to morrow.

O happy Inconstancy! if in changing without ceaſe, we approach the point of our ſoveraigne felicity, whoſe foundations are immoveable. O deare Viciſſitude! if rowling without intervall in the duſt of our originall, wee approach by little and little, to thoſe Ages of glory, which beyond all time aſſigne at our End, the beginning of a better Carreere. O Glorious Death, ſince terminated at that cruell inſtant, which ſeparates us from Immortality.

A man is onely happy in the perpetuall inconſtancie of his condition.

The greateſt miſerie that can arrive to a man, is to offend God.

It is true, I confeſſe it againe, *Great Kings*, that you are ſubject to all the ſad accidents of your ſubjects; But what happineſſe is it, if theſe misfortunes are as ſo many ſeverall wayes, which conduct you into the Port. Be it granted, that you are nothing but Corruption in your Birth, Miſerie in your Life, and a freſh infection in your Death: All theſe truths are as ſo many attributes of honour to you, ſince you diſroabe your ſelves in the grave of all your noiſomneſſe, for to Decke your ſelves with the ornaments of Grace, of felicity and glory, which belongs

belong in proper to your soules, as being created for the possession of all these Good Things.

Who can be able to dimension the greatnesse of *Man*; since he who hath neither bounds nor limits, would himselfe be the *circumference* of it? Would you have some knowledge of *Mans* power? heare the commandement which *Iosuah* made to the Sunne, to stop in the middest of his carreere. Would you have witnesses of his strength, *Samson* presents you all the *Philistins* buried together under the ruines of the Temple, whose foundations he made to totter. Require you some assurances of his courage? *Iob* offers you as many as he has sores upon his body. In fine, desire you some proofes of his happinesse. Heaven has fewer of Starres, then of felicities to give him. What name then shall we attribute him now, that may be capable to comprehend all his glory? There is no other then this of *Man*; and *Pilate* did very worthily (no doubt) to turne it into mockage before the Jewes; hee shews them a God under the visage of

Heaven, Earth, Nature, the very Divels are admirers of the greatnesse of man.

Man may bee whatsomever hee will be,

Iohn 19. 5.

Ecce homo. *Behold the Man.*

The name Man is now much more noble than that of Angels.

a *Man*. Let the world also expose the miseries of *Man* in publicke; His Image of Earth is yet animated with a divine spirit, which can never change Nature. Well may they teare his barke, the *Inmate* of it is of proofe against the strokes of Fortune, as well as the gripes of *Death*. The *Man* of Earth may turne into Earth; but the *Man* of heaven takes his flight alwayes into heaven. That *Man* I say, fickle and inconstant, kneaded and shap't from durt, with the water of his owne teares may resolve, into the same matter: But this stable and constant *Man*, created by an omnipotent hand, remaines unceassantly the same, as incapable of alteration.

With what new winds soeuer a man bee couered, he beares still in his forehead the markes of his Creator.

Hee that would alwayes muse of Eternitie, would without doubt, acquire its glory.

Rouse then your selves from sleepe great *Princes*, not for *to remember Death*, but rather to represent unto your selves that you are immortall, since *Death* hath no kind of Dominion over your Soules, which make the greatest, as being the Noblest part of you.

Awake then great *Monarchs*, not for to Muse of this necessity, which drawes you every houre to the Tombe: but rather

rather to consider, that you may exempt your selves from it, if your Actions be but as sacred as your Majesties.

Great PRINCES Awake, and permit mee once more to remembrance *You* that you are *Men*, I meane the Master-pieces of the workes of God; since this divine worke-Master hath in conclusion metamorphosed himselfe into his owne worke, My feathered pen can fly no higher.

Man is a hidden treasure, whose worth God only knowes.

Those which have propounded that Man was a new world, have found out proportionable relations, and great correspondencies of the one to the other, for the *Earth* is found in the matter whereof hee is formed, the *Water* in his teares, the *Aire* in his sighes, the *Fire* in his Love, the *Sunne* in his reason, and the *Heavens* in his imaginations. But the *Earth* subsists and he vanisheth, O Sweet vanishment! since he is lost in himselfe, that he may bee found in his Creator, But the *Earth* remaines firme, and his dust flyes away: O happy flight, since eternity it it's aime! The *Water*, though it fleets away, yet returns the same way, and retorts upon it's own

Man only is the ornament of the world.

Man may be sayd to be happy in being subject to all mishaps.

Death is a grace rather than a paine.

paces : But Man contrarily being setled upon the declining stoop of his ruine, rouls insensibly without intervall to the grave, his prison. O deare ruine! O sweet captivity! since the soule recovers her freedome, and this Sepulture serves but as a Furnace to purifie his body. The *Aire*, although it corrupt, is not for all that destroyed, the corruption of Man destroyes its materiall. O glorious destruction, since it steades him as a fresh disposition to render him immortall. The *Fire*, though it fairely devoure all things, is yet preserved still it selfe, to reduce all the World into Ashes: But Man perceives himself to be devoured by Time, without ability ever to resist it. Oh beneficiall Impotence, since hee findes his Triumph in his overthrow! the Sunne causeth alwayes admiration in its ordinary lustre, but Mans reason is impaired in the course of Times. Oh welcome impairement, since Time ruines it but onely in an Anger, knowing that it goes about to establish its Empire, beyond both time and Ages. In fine, the Heavens may seem to wax old in their

The felicitie of man in this world consists in the necessity of death.

their wandring course: they yet appear the same still every day, as they were a thousand yeeres a'gon: Man from moment to moment differs from himselfe, and every instant disrobes him somewhat of his Beeing. Oh delightfull Inconstancy, since all his changes make but so many lines, which abut at the Center of his stability.

How happy is man in decaying evermore since he thus at last renders himselfe exempt from all the miseries which pursue him.

How mysterious is the Fable of *Narcissus*; the Poets would perswade us, that Hee became selfe-enamoured, viewing Himselfe in a Fountaine. But I am astonish't, how one should become amorous of a dunghill, though covered with Snow or Flowers. A face cannot be formed without *Eyes*, *Nose*, and *Mouth*, and yet every of these parts make but a body of Misery, and Corruption as being all full of it.

A long life is a heavie burthen to the soule, since it must render an account of all its moments.

This Fable intimates us the representment of a fairer truth, since it invites a Man to gaze himselfe in the Fountaine of his teares, thus to become amorous of himselfe, not for the lineaments of dust and ashes, whereof his countenance is shap't, but rather of those beauties and graces, wherewith

If a man could contemplate the beauties of his soule in innocence he would alwaies be surprized with its love.

If a man would often view himselfe in the teares of his repentance, he would soon become a true self-lover.

All the vaine objects of the world are so many fountaines of Narcissus, *wherein prying men may shipwracke themselves.*

his soule is ornamented, and all these together make but a rivelet, which leads him to the admiration of that source from whence they tooke their originall.

Oh how *David* was a wise *Narcissus!* then when hee made of his Teares a *Mirrour*, so to become enamour'd of himselfe, for he was so selfe-loving in his *repentance*, that in *this* Hee spent both dayes and nights, with unparelleled delights.

But if *Narcissus* ship-wrack't himselfe in the fountaine of his selfe-fondnesse; *This great King* was upon point to Abysse himselfe in the Sea of his teares, for their liquid Crystalline shewd him to himselfe so beautifull, that hee burned with desire thus to drowne himselfe.

Ladies view your selves in this *Mirrour*, since you are ordinarily slaves to your owne selve love. You will be faire at what price soever; see here is the meanes. The Crystall *Mirrour* of your teares *flatter not*, contemplate therein the beauty of this grace, which God hath given you to bewaile your vanities,

ties, This is the onely ornament which can render you admirable All those deceitfull Chrystals, which you weare hang'd at your Girdles, shew you but fained beauties wherof Art is the workmistresse and cause, rather then your visages: Would yee be Idolaters of the Earth which you tread on? your bodies are but of Durt; but if you will have them endeared, where shall I find tearmes to expresse their Noysomnesse? Leave to *Death* his Conquest, and to the *Wormes* their heritage, and search your selves in that originall of Immortality, from whence your soules proceed, that your actions may correspond to the Nobleness of that cause. This is the most profitable counsell which I can give You: It is time to end this Chapter.

Teares are the faithfullest Mirrours of penitence.

If Ladies would take as much care of their souls as of their bodies, they would not hazard the losse both of one and t'other.

Great Kings I serve you this Morning instead of a Page, to awake You, and *remembrance You that you are Men*: I meane, Subjects to *Death*, and consequently destinated to serve as a Prey to the *Wormes*, a Shittle-cocke to the Windes, and matter for to forme an object of horror and astonishment to you

The meditation of our nothingneſſe, is a ſoveraigne remedie againſt vanitie.

you altogether. Muze a little, that your life paſſeth away as a *Dreame*; thinke a little that your thoughts are vaine; conſider at the ſame time, that all that is yours paſſes and flies away. You are great, but this neceſſity of Dying equals you to the leaſt of your ſubjects. Your powers are dreadfull, but a very hand-worme mocks at 'em: your riches are without number, but the moſt wretched of men carry as much into the grave as you. In fine, may all the pleaſures of Life make a party in Yours, yet they are but ſo many Roſes, whoſe prickles onely remaine to you at the inſtant of *Death*. The horror which environs You, chaſeth away your greatneſſes, the weakeneſſe which poſſeſſeth you, renders unprofitable your abſolute powers, and onely then in that ſhirt, which reſts upon your backe, are compriſed all the treaſures of your Coffers. Are not theſe verities of importance enough to breake your ſleepe?

Men are ſo neare of blood together, that all beare the ſame name.

Man hath nothing ſo proper to him, as the miſery to which hee is borne.

I awake you then for to remembrance you this laſt time, *that you are Men*: but deſtined to poſſeſſe the place of thoſe evill Angels, whoſe Pride concaved the

If the earth be our mother, heaven is our father.

the Abyſſes of Hell: that you are Men, but much more conſiderable for the governement of your reaſon, then your Kingdome. *That you are Men*, but capable to acquire all the felicities of Heaven, if thoſe of the Earth are by you diſdained. *That you are Men*, but called to the inheritance of an eternall Glory, if you have no pretence to any of this world.

Laſtly, *that you are Men*: but the living images of an infinite and omnipotent one. Cleare ſtreames of immortality remount then to your eternall ſource. faire rayes of a Sunne without Eclipſe rejoyne your ſelves then to the body of his celeſtiall light. Perfect patternes of the divinity, unite your ſelves then to it, as to the independant cauſe of your Beeing. Well may the Earth-quake under your feet, your wils are Keys to the gates of its abyſſes: ſhould the Water or'e-whelme againe all, your hopes cannot be ſhipwrack't. That the Aire fils all things may bee, but your expectations admit of ſome *vacuum*. Though the *Fire* devoure all things; the object of your hopes is above its flames

Though the body and ſoule together make up the man: there is yet as much difference between the one and the other, as between the ſcabbard and the ſword.

Although the puissences of the soule, worke not but by the senses, the effects in this point are more noble then the cause

flames, let the heavens poure downe in a throng, their malignant influences here below: your soules are under covert from their assaults. Let the *Sun* exhaling vapours make thereof thunders for your ruine: you are under the protection of him who ejaculates their flashes; insomuch that instead of hurting you, all things doe you homage. The *Earth* supports you, the *Water* refresheth you; the *Aire* imbreaths you, the *Fire* warmes you; the *Sun* lights you, & Heaven attends you; the Angels honour you, the *Divels* feare you, *Nature* obeyes you, and God himselfe gives himselfe to you to obliege you to the like reciprocation. Is not this to possesse with advancement all the felicities, which you can hope? I dare you to wish more.

Man needs feare nothing, being advanced above all.

Man could not be more happy then he is, since God is his last felicity.

Awake thy selfe then *Reader*, and let thy conscience and thy miserie each in its turne serve thee as a *Page* every morning to put thee in mind, *That thou art a Man*, I meane a pourtraict animated with *Death*, rather then with Life, since thou canst doe nothing but dye, but in this continuall dying, amid the throng

To dye is proper to man.

of

of *evils* and *paines* which are enjoyned to thy condition; Consider also that thou art created to possesse an Eternity both of life and happinesse, and that all these infinite good things are exposed as an ayme of honour and glory to the addresses of thy will; for if thou wilt, *Paradise* shall bee thine, though *Hell* gape at thee; *Heaven* shall be thy share, it's delights thy Succession, and God alone thy Soveraigne felicity.

How happy is man, thus to bee able to be as much as he desires.

A PROLVSIVE
upon the EMBLEME of the second Chapter.

SWell on unbounded Spirits, whose vast hope,
Scornes the streight limits of all moderate (scope.
Be Crescent still, fix not i'th' *Positive*,
Grasp still at more, reach the *Superlative*;
And beyond *that* too, and beyond the Moone;
Yet al's but vaine, and you shall find too soone,
These great acquists are bubbles for a spurt,
And *Death* will leave you nothing but your *Shirt*.
Be *Richest*, *Greatest*, *Pow'rfullest*, and Split;
Fames Trumpet with the blast on't, there's it,
That's all, a *Coffin*, and a *Sheet*, and then,
You're dead, and buried like to Common men,
This *Saladine* foresaw, and wisely stoopes
Unto his *Fate*, 'midst his triumphant troopes.
A world of wealth, and *Asiaticke* Spoyles,
Guerdon his glorious military toyles
Ensignes, and Banners shade his armyes Eyes
With flying Colours of fled enemyes:
Yet humbly he doth his chiefe Standard reare
Onely his *Shirt* displayd upon a Speare.
Meanewhile his valorous Colonels were clad
In rich Coate-armours, which they forced had
From subdu'd foes, and't seem'd a glorious thing,
Each man to be apparreld like a *King*,

The

The very common Souldiers out-side spoke,
Commander now, and did respect provoke.
Their former ornaments were cast aside,
Which 'fore the victory were al their pride. (sound
To check their Pompe; with clang'ring trumpet-
A *Herald* lou d proclaim's in Tone profound:
See what the *Emperour* doth present your Eye,
'Tis all, that you must looke for when you dye.
This *Shirt* is all even *Saladine* shall have
Of all his *Trophy's* with him to the grave.
Then be not over-heightned with the splendour
Of your rich braveries, which you so much tender.
Nor let your honours puff you, least you find
The breath of Fame jade ye with broken wind.
This solemne passage of this *Monarchs* story
With greatest luster doth advance his glory.

THE

Victorious **SALADINE** *caus'd to be Proclaim'd to all his Armie that he carried nothing with him to the Graue but a* **SHIRT** *after all his Conquests.*

THE MIRROVR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. II.

ARrogant ſpirits, ambitious Hearts be ſilent, and lend an eare to the publicke cry of this Herald, who with a voyce animated with horrour and affright, as well as with compaſſion and truth, proclaimeth aloud, in the view of heaven and earth, and in the preſence of a world of people, That this *Great* SALADINE, magnificent *Conquerour of Aſia, and Monarch of the whole Eaſt, carryes away to the grave for*

The horrour and miſery of the grave, makes the haire ſtand on end to the proudeſt.

fruit of his victories but onely a shirt, which covers the mould of his body, and even this scrap of linnen too, Fortune leaves him, but to give the wormes.

This necessity of dying, serves for temperament to the vanity of the greatest Monarchs of the world.

Absolute Kings, puissant Soveraignes, what will you reply to these discourses, for to you they are addrest? I doubt well, that shame, confusion and astonishment, barre your speech, and that this sensible object of your proper miseries, affects you so with ruth, to force from your bosomes a thousand sighs. The greatest Monarch of the earth becomes at a clap so little, as not to be found, no, not in his miseries, for the wind begins already to carry away the dust whereof hee was formed. The powerfullest King of the world, is reduc'd to such a point of weakenesse, that he cannot resist the wormes, after vanquishment and subjugation of entire Nations. The richest Prince of the East, takes a glory of all his treasures, to carry away but onely a shirt to his Sepulture. What can you answer to these verities?

This famous *Saladine*, the terrour of men, the valour of the earth, and the wonder

wonder of the world, esteemes himselfe so happy, and so advantaged by fortune, in respect she leaves him this old ragge to cover his corruption, that he makes this favour, to be published with sound of trumpet, in the midst of his Army; that none might be in doubt on't: what beyond this can be your pretentions? I grant you may be seated like *Xerxes*, upon a Throne all of massie gold, canopied with a glistering firmament of precious stones; and that on what side somever you turne your menacing *regards*, you see nothing but objects humbled before your Royall Majesties. You never seate your selves upon these Thrones of magnificence, but as it were, to take leave of the assembly, continuing still to give your last God-bwyes, like a man who is upon point to depart continually, since he dyes every moment. Insomuch, that all this Pompe which accompanyes you, and which gives *shadow* to the luster wherewith you are environed, vanishes away with you, and all those who are its admirers, and idolaters, runne the

Man cannot complaine of the world, since at his death he gives him a shirt, which at his birth, his mother Nature refused him.

All the speeches of Men are but discourses of adieu & leave-taking, since every day he marches straight forward toward Death.

same fortune, being of the same nature.

Be it from me granted, that the report of your glory, admits no vacuity, no more then the Ayre does, and that your name is as well knowne as the Sunne, and more redoubted then the thunder. This voyce of renowne is but as the sound of a Bell, which redoubles a noyse to its owne detriment, to advertise those that doubt on't; and this name so famous, and dreadfull, finding no memory here below to the proofe of ages, buryes it selfe at last, in the nothingnesse of its beginning

To what purpose doth the renown of a Man make a noyse in the world? the noyse ceaseth, the renowne passeth.

Be it againe, that all the Gold of the *Indies* can be valewed but to a part of your Estate, and that all the world together, possesse lesse treasure then you alone; what advantage thinke you to beare away, more then the most miserable of the world, that in this you should be vaine? Enjoyes not he the same Sunne which lights you? hath not he the same usage of the Elements, whereof you make use? But if you have more then he, a gloriousnesse of apparell, and a thousand other superfluous

The tranquillity of the mind and the health of body, are the only riches of the world.

fluous things (which are altogether estranged to vertue, as being imaginary goods, whose appearance alone is the onely foundation) hee may answere you with *Seneca*, that with whatsomever coverture a *Man* hides the *shame of his nakednesse*, he shall passe for well-clothed among wise men. And to come to the point; a *Man* hath alwayes enough wherewith to follow his way, and to finish his voyage. The surplus is but a burden of cares, which are metamorphosed into so many bryars, when Death would discharge us of them. Besides, Riches consists but in opinion, though their treasures be palpable and sensible. A man is Rich, equall to that which he beleeves himselfe to be. And though hee hath nothing, this Grace wherewith hee is treasured, to finde rest in his miseries, is above all the Gold of the world.

He is the most rich, who is most content.

What difference thinke you there is betwixt the Rich and the poore? both the one and the other, are equally pilgrims and travellers, and goe alike to the same place. Then, if the Rich passe through the fairer way, they ren-

All Mortals togeth.r make a aance of blind men, who in dancing runne to death without seeing the way they passe.

counter when they dye, all the thorns of those roses which they have past upon. There is no arrivall to the *Haven* of the grave, without being *tempested* sooner or later, in the *storme* of those miseries, which accompany us. And me thinks it is a comfort, to suffer in good time those evils, which we cannot avoyd.

The treasure of good workes only inriches us eternally.

Rich-ones, how miserable doe I hold you, if the goods of the earth be your onely treasures! Rich-ones, how unhappy are you, if your felicities be but of Gold, and Silver! Rich-ones, how you compell my pity of your greatnesses, if you have no other titles then those of your Lord-ships! Rich-ones, how frightfull only at the houre of Death are your names, since the misery, wherein you are borne, accompanyes you in the sepulchre.

True it is, that the Ayre of the Region where you dwell, may be very temperate, the Seasons of it faire, and the lands fertile: but you consider not, that while you live, you often sigh backe the ayre which you receive; that this sweet time, which smiles on you,

entraines

entraines you in flying to the season of teares, and that very soone the dunghill of your bodyes shall perhaps render the lands yet more fertile.

The content of riches is like an odor ferous fume, but it passes, and so doth their enjoyment also, and there is all.

The Rich *Men* of the world have done nought but passe away with the ages, that gave them birth: you are borne in this, and this very same goes away, and leads you with it, and all the rest of Men, without skilling what you are, or in what fashion you are vested, well may you possesse an infinite number of treasures; you must alwayes trot, and rise as soone i'the morning as others: but if you play the slugs, and sleep too long, Death comes in the end to awake you, and interrupt your repose with an eternall disquiet. What will you say to this? The fable of *Midas* comprehends in it important verities; *Apollo* grants him all that hee demands, he satiates the appetite of his unmeasurable ambition by the vertue which he gives to his touch, to be able to turne all things into gold. See him now rich for a day, his hands are as new Philosophers-stones, which make the grossest, and most impure merals,

'Tis strange, whether we swift place and tarr or no, we yet runne incessantly to Death.

To what purpose is it to be environed with riches? they are a strange kind of good, whereof one can enjoy the usage but for a moment onely.

change both nature, and price, he sees himselfe enrounded in a moment with so great a number of treasures, that he begins to apprehend the enjoyment of those goods, which he desired with so much passion; and from feare hee comes to astonishment: then, when prest with hunger, all the Viandes which he touches with his hands, lips, or tongue, are metamorphosed into Gold. O inseparable amazement, from a mortall griefe, caused by a semblable regreet, that hee could not limit his ambition, but to the desire of his owne ruine!

Rich-men, you are as so many *Midasses*, since with all your treasures, you never importune heaven for any other thing, but to increase their number, to which effect you destinate your cares, your watchings, and your labours. But make no more imploring vows; behold your selves at last heard. The glistering of your riches dazles me, your greatnesses and magnificences give you cheerefull tincture; yet let us see the reverse of the Medall.

After your so many strong wishes for

for Gold and Silver, their treasures remaines to you for to satiate, at least in dying, the unruled appetite of the ambition of your life. Riches I say environ you on all sides, after your so passionate covetize of them. But in this last instant, their possession is the saddest object, which can be presented to your thoughts. And notwithstanding 'tis the onely nourishment which rests to you, amid the hunger which torments you unceassantly, as if for punishment of part of your crimes, heaven did permit, that the instruments of your pleasures, should also be the same of your punishments, considering the greatnesse of your miseries, by that of your unprofitable treasures: for after all you must dye, and though you carry with you this desire, to beare away with you your riches into the tombe, they remaine in your coffers, for to serve as witnesses to your heires, of the vanity of their enjoyment.

The covetous growes poore in measure as hee growes rich, since in encreasing his treasures, encreases the famine of his insatiable avarice, and thus of what he possesses he enjoyes nothing.

A Man carryes away nothing with him at his Death, but either a regreet or else a satisfaction of an evill or a good Life.

The Silke-wormes, which have so much trouble to spin out their mouths their little golden threads, thinke to stablish to themselves a shelter of honour,

nour, to the proofe of all sorts of atteints, and on the contrary, they warp the web of their owne ruine. Just so is it with the Rich-ones of the world, who an ingenious industry, employ all their assayes, to lay solide foundations here below of an immortall life, and yet all their actions cannot but terminate in an end contrary to their designes; since they search Eternity in the circles of Ages, alwayes in revolution, and repose in the perpetuall instability of all worldly things. Insomuch, that they trouble themselves to suffer much, and all their cares and paines, are but as fresh sowings of *Marigolds*, which dying in their gardens, respring in their hearts, there to dye never. Behold the end of their jorney-worke.

To what effect is't to seeke repose in this world? 'tis never to be found but in God.

** See the ambiguity of the French word Soucies, in the first Chapter.*

Treasures, to what effect serve you me, if I must enter all naked into the grave? *Pleasures*, what becomes of your sweets, if my last sighs are but bitternesse? *Grandeurs* of this life, in what stead you me, if you cannot exempt me from the miseries of *Death?*

LORD,

LORD, I am rich enough in that I serve for an object of pity to thy adorable Providence, whose o're-liberall bounty furnishes me for all my dayes nourishment enough to passe them, what can I wish more? on what side somever I take my way, to goe the course of Death, I can never loose from view the heavens, which are the *Gates of thy Palace*. Insomuch, as if any thing faile me, I have but to strike there with my regards, thou art alwayes upon a ready watch, to succour the miserable. Supply me then, *O LORD*, if it please *thee*, with thy ordinary charities, and since that hope dyes after me, I will rather cease to be, then to hope in thee. These are the strongest resolutions of my soule.

Heaven is an object of consolation to the most miserable.

We reade of the children of *Israel*, that having received of *God* an infinity of riches, at their comming out of the red Sea, by the wracke of their enemies, they made of their treasures, Idols, and joyning in this sort Idolatry to Ingratitude, they erected altars to their brutality, since under reliefe of a brute beast, they represented their *God*.

we beg of God every day new favours, & every day we render our selves unthankefull for those we have received.

But

But leave wee there the children of *Israel*, and speake of the Fathers of BABYLON, I meane those wicked rich ones of the *world*, to whom *God* hath done so great favours, in heaping them with so many goods. Are not they every day convicted of *Idolatry*, in their unacknowledgement, since the coffers of their treasures are the *Idols* of their temples? More beasts then brutes, in their voluntary depraved nesse; they offer incense to their brutish passions; and no otherwise able, but to erect them secret altars in their soules, they there sacrifice every houre a thousand sighs of an unsatiable ambition. Insomuch, that the *God* of *heaven* is the God of their dissimulation, and the *Calfe* of *Gold*, the God of their beleefe, and opinion.

Are we worthily Christians, *when idolatry is more familiar to us then to infidels, since we make idols of all the objects of our passions?*

Say wee then boldly, that the objects of our passions are *Golden Calves* to us, since our hearts become their *Idolaters*. One here will sigh for love of honours, as well as for his Mistresse, with designe to hazard a thousand lives, and as many soules, for the conquest of their vaine felicities: and see here

here his idolatry, making his *God* of these *Chimera's* of honour, which vanish away like a *Dreame*, at the rouzing up of our *reason*.

Another there, will lose quite and cleane, all the *peace* wherein he is of a quiet life, for to set up a *rest* purely *imaginary* in the amassement of treasures. And if *heaven* hearing his votes, with designe to punish him, give some favourable successe to his cares, and watchings, hee becomes an Idolater now indeed, an Idolater of those goods, which as yet he adored but in hope, and renders himselfe miserable, for having desired too ardently felicities, which onely beare the voyce to be so, but their usage and possession may prove as dangerous upon the earth, as Rocks within the Sea.

What folly is't, to seeke repose in the world, which subsists onely in revolution?

One will have his *heart* wounded, and his *Soule* atteinted with a new tricke of *ambition*, and as all his desires & thoughts are terminated to the objects of his designes, hee is never in health, while the feaver of his passion is continuall. I leave you to consider of what ratiocination hee can be capable,

The goods of the earth are right evils, and at Death each one shall so experiment 'em.

ble, during the malady of his spirit. All sorts of wayes seeme equally faire unto him, for to guide him unto the port whither hee aspires, having no other ayme but this to acquire, at what rate somever that *good* whereof he is in Quest; and of this *Good*, it is wherof he makes his *Idoll*, after a shamefull immolation of the best dayes of his Life, to the anxieties of its possession.

Another will establish his repose in the turmoyle of the *word*, turning his spirit to all winds, to be under covert from the tempests of fortune. Blind as he is, hee followes this *Goddesse* with the hoodwinckt eyes. Wavering as he is, he aspires but after the favours of this inconstant Deity, of which he is secretly an idolater, but if perchance she elevate him very high, there is no more hazard of his fall, the lawes of this necessity are inviolable, and one cannot avoyd the rigour of them, if not avoyding their servitude. Insomuch, that after hee hath sneak't himselfe a long time amongst the *grandeurs* of the earth, hee finds himselfe enlabyrinthed

rinthed in the miſeries, wherein hee is borne, without poſſeſſing any thing in propriety, but the uſance of a puffe of wind, which enters once againe at laſt into his entrals, to force thence the laſt ſigh. And thus hee becomes the *Victime* of the Idoll of his paſſions, without purifying ne'retheleſſe from the ſacrifice of his life, the ſoyle of thoſe offerings, which hee hath made upon the altars of *Vanity*. Behold the ſad iſſue of this Dedalean labyrinth, wherein ſo many of the world take pleaſure to intricate themſelves in.

O how *Rich* is he, *LORD*, who hath thy love & feare for his *treaſure*? O how *happy* is he, who hath for object of *felicitie* the *contempt* of theſe things of the *world*! O how *Contented* is hee, who thinkes alwayes of *eternall* delights! To have many riches for a hundred yeeres, is not this to poſſeſſe at the end of that terme a *Good*, which is as a good, as never to have beene. To taſte greedily the ſweets of every ſort of proſperity, during the raigne of a *long life*; is it not already to *dye* by little and little for griefe to abandon them, ſince

If the fruition of all the world together were to be ſold, it were not worth ſo much trouble as to open the mouth onely to ſay, I will not buy it.

since in flying away, they intraine us into the grave. To pant continually for *joy* in the presence of a thousand *pleasures*, is it not to prepare in one's breast, the matter of as many *griefs*? since every contentment is a disposition to a kind of martyrdome, by the necessary and infallible *privation* of its sweets, whereof while we taste on't, it menaceth us. In fine, to have all things at wish, is it not to possesse vaine businesses, since the world has nothing else to offer us? The riches which Fortune gives and takes away againe when she will, can never enrich a Man, it behooves him to seeke his *treasure* in the mines of his *conscience*, so to be under covert from sinne; for otherwise hee runnes the same hazard, as of the goods which hee possesses, I meane in their decay, to loose himselfe with them. The prosperities of the earth, are once more fresh flowers of the garden, faire to the eye, and of good sent, but 'tis to much purpose to gather them, and make nose-gayes; in holding them one holds nothing, because their fragility renders them so slipperie,

A wicked rich Man is much astonisht at his Death, to have his conscience voyd of good works, and his coffers full of money, since with all the gold of the world, hee cannot purchase the grace of the least repentance.

perie, that they 'scape both from our eyes and hands, and though their flight be slow, one day only is all their durance. The *pleasures* of the *world* are of the same nature, I grant they may have some *agreeableness* to charme our senses, yet 'twere too vaine to vaunt of their possession, though one enjoyes them, forsomuch as they *slip* away, and *vanish* without cease from our eyes, like the alwayes-flitting *water trills*. Their sway hath so short limits, that each moment may be the terme on't. *Solid* contentments are onely found in *heaven*, and the onely meanes to relish them beyond all sweetes, is continually to *Muze* on them, for having alwayes our *spirit* arrested upon *meditation* of an object so *delitious*, our thoughts draw thence by their vertue this efficacy, to ravish us with joy. *I returne to my first proposition.*

The arrivall of pleasures annunciates us alwayes their sutedie departure.

That the greatest *MONARCH* of the *world*, after possession of all things to his wish, and having led a thousand times fortune herselfe in triumph, upon the territories of his

The good or ill which we doe, accompanies us to the grave.

Empire ſhould in concluſion be expoſed all *naked* in his *SHIRT*, at the end of his carreere, to ſerve for a *prey* to the *wormes*, and a ſhitlecocke to the winds, certes a man muſt needs be very inſenſible, not to be touchт with affright at theſe truths.

The miſprizall of riches, is the onely treaſure of life.

GREAT KINGS, if you have not other Mines of *Gold* more precious then thoſe of the *India's*; you ſhall dye as poore as you were borne: and as *Teares* were the firſt witneſſes of your *miſery*, ſighs ſhall be the laſt of your poverty, carrying with you this *regreet* into the *grave*, to have poſſeſſed all things, and now to find your ſelves in eſtate of enjoying nothing.

If we would acquire Heaven, we ought to have no pretence to Earth.

GREAT KINGS, if you have no other marks of ſoveraignty, but this of the large extent of your territories, the tribute which your ſubjects ſhall render you at the end of the *journall*, ſhall be very little, ſince the long ſpaces of your *Empire* ſhall be bounded with *ſeven foot*.

GREAT KINGS, if you have no other treaſures then thoſe of the rent of your Demeanes, all thoſe goods

are

are falſe, and the regreet of their priva-tion too true. But if you doubt of this yet, conſult the dumbe oracle of the *Aſhes* of your *Anceſtours*, and the truth will anſwere for them, that they never have had any thing more *proper* to them then *miſerie*, nothing more ſen-ſible then diſaſters, and that with all the riches which they have enjoyed du-ring life, they have not beene able to procure at the houre of *Death*, more then that *piece* of *linnen*, wherein they are *inveloped*.

The rents of ver-tue's demeanes are not ſubject to fortune.

GREAT KINGS, if you have no other Philoſopher-ſtone but this, the Conqueſt which your Valour may make, all your greatneſſe, and all your riches, ſhall bee encloſed in the *coffins*, wherein you ſhall be *buryed*. For, all that Fortune ſhall give you *to day*, *DEATH* ſhall take from you *to morrow*, and the day after, one may count you in the ranke of the moſt miſerable. I will againe change tone.

True valour ha's no other object, but the conqueſt of eternall things.

What a contagious *maladie* in this age, wherein we are, is this *paſſion* of *amaſſing* treaſures! All the *world* would

If one knew the perill of being rich, he would onely be in love with povertie.

be rich, as if *Paradise* were bought with *ready mony*, and that the commerce of our safety were a publike *Banke*, where the most covetous render themselves the most happy. Every one makes bravado of his acquists, and poyzeth his felicities to the balance of his riches, being never able to be otherwise content, but in reference to the measure of what he is estated in.

We may call Man a Tree, whose root is the immortall soule, and the fruits which it beares are of the same nature, either for glory or punishment.

There one will assume a pride to have ten thousand *Acres* of *wood*, whose revenue, nourisheth his *passions*, and entertains his *pleasures*. Insomuch, that he considers not that these Trees are laden but with the fruit of these world-miseries; & of all together he shal bear away, but the branch of one only, which shall serve very soone for a *Beere* to his *carkasse*. See in what consists the profit of his rents, after their account made.

Another will be rich onely in *Medowes*, and changing his hay into *Gold*, which is but *Earth*; he fills therewith his coffers. But *Foole*, that he is, hee thinks not that his life is a Medow, his body the hay thereof and Time the

Mower

Mower, who by his example makes publicke trafficke of the ſame marchandize, changing by little and little the hay of his *body* into *Earth*. And is not this to be very ingenious to cheat a man's ſelfe?

The World is a Meadow, and all the obiects which therein we admire, are flowers, which fade every houre.

Anothers ayme is onely to be rich in *buildings*, ſome 'the' Country, ſome 'th' City, and aſſuming vanity from the number, as well as the magnificence of his Pallaces, hee beleeves that they are ſo many *Sanctuaries* of proofe, againſt the *ſtrokes* of fortune, or the thunders of *heaven*. What a folly's this, to eſteeme ones ſelfe happy, for having diverſe Cabbins upon earth, to put himſelfe under couvert from the raine, and wind, during the ſhort journey of life? The raine ceaſes, the wind is paſt, and life dyes, and then the tempeſt of a thouſand *eternall* anguiſhes comes to entertaine him, without poſſibility of diſcovery, even from hope, one onely port of ſafety. To be onely rich then, in ædifices, is to be rich in caſtles of paper and cards, ſuch as little children lodge their pety cares in.

We must build upon the unshakeable foundations of eternitie, if a man would be sheltered from all sorts of stormes.

To what purpose steads it us to be richly lodged, if *every houre* of the day may be that of our *departure* ? Men trouble themselves to build houses of pleasure, but the pleasures fade away, and we also, and these houses remaine for witnesses of our folly, and for sensible objects of sorrow, and griefe, in that cruell necessity to which wee are reduced to abandon them. It is to be considered, that wee are borne to be *Travellers* and *Pilgrims*, and as such, are wee constrain'd to march alwayes straight to the *gist* of *Death*, without ever resting, or being able to find repose even in repose it-selfe. To what then are all these magnificent Pallaces, when our onely retreat beats on to the grave ? To what end are all this great number of structures, when wee are all in the way, and point to end our voyage ? O how well is hee *housed*, that lodgeth his hope in *God*, and layes the foundations of his habitation upon *ETERNITIE* ! *A good conscience* is the richest *house* that one can have.

Though we say the Sunne sets every night, yet it rests not: and so Man, though he lay himselfe to sleepe, rests not from his voyage to Earth.

Another designes his treasures in numerous *Shippings*, trafficking with all winds

winds, in ſpight of ſtormes and tempeſts: but be it granted a perpetuall calme as heart could wiſh, and imagine we, (as himſelfe does) that hee ſhall *fiſh* with *Fortunes nets*, all the Pearles of the *OCEAN*; what can he doe at the end with all his ventures? if he trucke them away, hee can gaine but ſtuffe of the ſame price, if hee ſell them, he does but change white purified earth for yellow, which the Sunne purifies as well within the mines: what will hee doe now with this new marchandiſe, or this his gold? behold him alwayes in trouble, to diſcharge himſelfe of ſo many burdens. If gold were potable, hee might perhaps nouriſh himſelfe therewith for a while; but as *MIDAS* could not doe it in the fable, he will ne're bring it to paſſe in the verity; he muſt needs keep watch then day and night to the guard of his riches; and well may hee keep ſentinell, *Death* comes to robbe him of them, ſince at his going out of the world ſhe takes them *away* from him. What apparence is there, that the treaſures of the Sea ſhould be able

The treasure of good workes, is eternall riches.

to make a man rich, since the possession of all the *world* together cannot doe it. A hundred thousand ships are but a hundred thousand shuttle-cockes for the winds, and a hundred thousand objects of shipwracke. Suppose they arrive to the *Port*, the life of their Master is alwayes among rocks, for 'tis a kind of ship, which cannot arrive at other shore, but at the banke of the *grave*. And I leave you to consider what danger he may runne, if there the storme of his avaricious passion cast him. The sand-blind-sighted may foresee his ruine, and the most judicious will beleeve it infallible. Behold in fine a man rich to much purpose, that would have drayn'd by his ambition, the bottomlesse depths of the *Ocean*, and now to find himselfe ith'end of his carreere, in the *abysses* of *hell*, having an *eternitie* of evils for recompense of an age of anxieties, which hee hath suffered during his life.

Our life is a Ship, which loosing from the Haven of the Cradle, at the moment of our birth, never comes ashore againe, till it run eground upon the grave.

LORD, if I would be rich in wood, let it be in that of thy *CROSSE*, and from henceforth let its fruits be

my

my revenues, and my rents. If I would traficke in meads; Let the meditation of the hay of my life, be my onely profit. If I set my selfe to build houses, let it be rather for my soule then for my body, and in such sort, that my *good workes* may be the stones, and the purity of my *conscience* the *foundation*. And lastly, If I would travell the Seas, to goe to the conquest of their treasures: let my *teares* be the waves thereof, and my *sighs* the winds, and thy *grace* alone, the only *object* of my riches.

He which puts his trust in God, is the richest of the world, how poore somever he be.

Make me then rich, *O LORD*, if it please thee, by the onely *mispriſe* of all the treasures of the *Earth*, and teach this secret language to my heart, never to speake but of *thee* in its desires, nor of other then thy selfe in its hopes, since of thee alone, and in thee onely lies the fulnesse of its *perfect felicity* and soveraigne repose. *Let us not rest our selves in so faire a way.*

'Tis alreadie a sufficient enjoyment of rest and quiet, to set up ones rest in God onely.

I cannot comprehend the designe of these curious Spirits, who goe seeking the Philosophers-stone in that Spitle, where an infinite number of their companions are dead of regreet to have

have so ill imployed their time. They put all they have to the quest of that which never was, and burning with desire to acquire wealth, they reduce all their owne into cinders, and their *lungs* also with vehement *puffing*, without gaining other recompence at the end of their labours, but this, now to know their folly: but the Sun sets, the candle goes out, the bed of buriall is prepared, there must be their *Enter* at the *Exit* of so many unprofitable pains. To what purpose serves it now, to know they are fooles, having no more time to be wise.

The love of God is the onely Philosopher-stone, since by it a man may acquire eternall treasures.

What cruell *Maladie* of spirit is it to sacrifice both ones body and soule in an unluckie *alymbicke*, for to nourish a vaine *ambition*, whose irregular appetite can never be satisfied? Is not this to take pleasure in kindling the fire which consumes us? to burne perpetually with desire of being rich in this world, and yet get nothing by it: And then to burne againe *eternally* in *hell*, without possibility to quench the ardour of those *revenging* flames: is not this to *warp* ones-selfe the *web* of a fate, the

An inclination toward the misprize of Earth, is a presage of the getting of Heaven

the most miserable that ever was?

Produce we then of nothing the creation of this Philosopher-stone, & grant we it made at present to the hearts of the most ambitious. I am content that from the miracles of this *Metamorphosis* they make us see the marvels of a new gallery of silver, like to that which bare *NERO* to the Capitoll. I am content that they make pendant at the point of a needle, as *SEMIRAMIS*, the price of twenty millions of gold. I am content that after the example of **Atabalipas*, they pave their *halls* with *Saphirs*. I am pleas'd, that imitating *Cyrus*, they enround their *gardens* with *perches* of gold. I am content, that the *Dryades* of their fountaines be composed of the same materiall, following the magnificences of *Cesar*. I am content that they erect with *Pompey* an *Amphitheater* all covered with plates of *Gold*. I am content they build a Pallace of *Ivory*, there to to lodge another *Melaus*, or a *Louvre* of *Christall* to receive therein an other *Drusus*, and let (I am content still) this Louvre be ornamented with court-cupboards

* Atabali, *King of* Peru.

The World is aptly compared to the Sea, since as the stormes of this, so are the miseries of that, and like the flitting billowes ever rolling, so are all the objects which we here admire.

boards of Pearles equall to thoſe of *Scaurus*, and with coffers of the ſame price as that of *Darius*. To what will all this come to in the end? What may be the reverſe of all theſe medals? The ſcortching heat of *Time*, and the Suns-beames have melted this gallery of ſilver, its admirers are vaniſht, and its proprietary. Even *Rome* it ſelfe hath runne the like *fate*, and though it ſubſiſt yet, 'tis but onely in name, its ruines mourne at this day the *death* of its glory. That ſo pretious Pendant of *Semiramis* could not be exempt from a kind of Death, though it were *inanimate*. I mean that in its inſenſibility, it hath received the attaints of this *Viciſſitude*, which alters and deſtroyes all things, ſince it now appeares no more to our eyes. All thoſe *Saphir-paved* halls are paſſed away, though Art had enchained them in beautifull Workemanſhips. They have had otherwiſe a glittering luſter, like the *Sunne*; but this *Planet* jealous of them, hath refuſed in the end its cleareneſſe, ſo much as to their ruines; inſomuch that they are *vaniſhed* in *obſcuritie*.

'Tis a Rule without exception, that all that is included in the revolution of Time, is ſubject to change.

ſcuritie. Theſe gardens environed with railes of gold, have had (like others) divers *Spring-times*, to renew their growth, but one *winter* alone was enough to make them *dye*. Thoſe *Dryades* which enricht theſe fountaines are fled upon their owne water-trils, and ſcarce remaines us their remembrance. That proud *Amphitheater* of *Pompey* could not eternize it ſelfe, but in the memory of men, & yet we ſcarce know what they ſay, when they ſpeake on't. That Ivory Palace of *Melaus* goes for a fable in hiſtories, being buried in the *Abiſſes* of *non-entitie*. That famous Louvre of Chriſtall having been buſtled againſt by *Time* is broken, and ſhivered into ſo many peeces, that not ſo much as the very duſt on't ſubſiſts, but in the confus'd *Idea* of things, which have beene otherwhile. All thoſe high cup-boards of Pearle, and all thoſe coffers of great price have indeed had an appearance like lightning, but the thunder-bolt of *inconſtancy* hath reduc't them into aſhes, and the memory of 'em is preſerv'd in ours, but as *a dreame*, ſince in effect it is no more at all.

Meditate here a little, how oft the face of the Earth hath been varied ſince its firſt creation.

But

There is nothing so certaine in the world, as its uncertaintie.

But if the precious wonders of past Ages, have done nothing but passe away together, with their admirers and owners, is it not credible, that those covetous rich ones, did runne the same fortune with all the treasures of their Philosopher-Stone, and at the end of their Carreere, what device could they take but this very same of SALADINE, since of all their riches, there remaines them at their *Death*, but onely a poore *Shirt*, **I have beene*, saies this great *Monarch*, and behold, *heer's all.*

* Fui, & nihil amplius

Why, *Rich-ones* of the World, doe you trouble your selves so much, to establish your glory here below, for to perswade us at the end of the journall onely this, *That you have beene*? An atome has the same advantage, for this *creating power*, which we adore, after he had ta'en it out of the *Abysses* of nothing, wherein you also were buried, made it to subsist in *nature*. Bee it that you have beene the *greatest* on *Earth*, yet now the faire light of your faire dayes, is extinguish't for ever. The Sun of your glory is eclips't, and in an eternall *West*. And that your fate which interloomed the web of your

Yet thus is it a blessednesse of our condition, thus to escape by little and little the miseries which are incident unto us.

your greatneſſes, together with your lives, lyes entomb'd with your *Aſhes*, to ſhew us that theſe are the onely *unhallowed reliques* which your Ambition could leave us.

You have bin then otherwhile the only *Minions* of *Fortune*, like *Demetrius*, but he and you are now no more any thing, not ſo much as a hand full of *Aſhes*; for leſſe then with an Infinite power, 'twere impoſſible to any, to reunite into a body, the parcels of the *Duſt*, whereof your Carkaſſes were formed, behold in what conſiſts at this day, the foundation of your paſt glory.

You have bin then otherwhile the ſame as SALADINE, the onely *Monarch* of the *Eaſt*, and have poſſeſt (as he) treaſures without number, and honours without parallel: But (as *He*) alſo you have done nothing elſe but paſſe away, and like him againe you have not beene able to hide your wretchedneſſe, but under a Scrap of *Linnen*, whereof the *Wormes* have repaſted, to manifeſt you to all the World.

If vertue eternize not our memorie, our life paſſeth away like the wind, without leaving any trace.

In fine, you have beene otherwhile the wonders of our dayes, but now you are

are the horrour of this preſent, for the onely thought of the dung-heap of your *Aſhes* poyſons my ſpirit, ſo delicate i'ſt, and I leave farther provocation to the incredulous, if they bee willing to bee ſtronger witneſſes of it, but let us now leave perſonall reflections, and trouble wee not the repoſe of *Church-yardes*.

He which eſteems himſelfe rich *and* happy *in this world, knowes not the nature of worldly happineſſe and riches.*

I grant that you may bee at this inſtant that I ſpeake unto you, ſo rich and happy, that you cannot wiſh more of *Fortune*, nor *Shee* able to offer you more: Yet thus ought you to conſider where you are, who you are, and what are the goods which you poſſeſſe. You are in the World, where all things fly away, and 'tis in this way of flying away, that you read theſe verities: my meaning is, you dwell upon the ſame earth, whereof you are formed, and conſequently you lodge upon your *buriall-places*, whoſe entrances will be open at all moments. To ſay who you are, I am aſhamed, in calling you by your proper names, for to remembrance you your miſeries: *Corruption* conceaves you, *Horrour* infants you, *Blood* nouriſhes you, and *infection* accompanyes you in the Coffin.

The

The treasures which you enjoy are but *Chimeras* of greatnesse and apparitions of glory, whereof living you make experiment, and dying you perfectly know the truth on't.

To what end then can stead you your present felicities, since at present you scarce enjoy them at all? for even at *this* very *instant* another, which is but newly upon *passe*, robs you of part of them; and even thus giving you hint of the cosenage of his companions, *Cheates* you too, as well as they; and thus they doe altogether to your *lives*, as well as your contentments; in ravishing these, they *intraine* the others: then what remonstrance can you exhibit of esteeming your selves happy for *past* felicities, and which you have not *enjoyed* but in way of *depart?* And if this condition be agreeable unto you, still there is a necessity of setting up your rest at the end of the carreere, and there it is, where I attend to contribute to your vaine waylings, as many resentments of Pity. Take wee another tracke, without loosing our selves.

There is nothing so constantly present with us, as our miseries, since alwayes we are miserable enough at best.

How ingenious was that famous

How much better is it to be so happy in fishing, as to angle for grace in the teares of penitence?

Queene of *Egypt*, to deceive with good grace her *Lover*. She caused underhand dead fishes to be ensnared to the hooke of *Antonie*, as often as the toy tooke him to goe a fishing; to the end to make him some sport by those pleasant deceits. May we not say that *Ambition* doth the same? for when wee cast our hookes into this vast *Ocean* of the *vanities* of the *world*, wee fish but *Dead* things without soule, whose acquirement countervailes not a moment of the *Time*, which we employ to attaine it.

'Tis to no purpose to be passionate for such goods as a man may loose, and the world can give no better.

Had I all the goodliest fardles of the world laded on my backe; I meane, had I acquir'd all the honours, wherewith fortune can tickle an *ambitious soule*, should I thence become greater of body? my growing time is past. would my *Spirit* thence become more excellent? these objects are too weake to *ennoble* her *Powers*. Should I thence become more vertuous? *Vertue* looks for no satisfaction *out* of it selfe. Should I thence be more esteemed of the world? This is but the glory of a *wind*, which doth but passe away. What

What happineſſe, what contentment, or what utility, would remaine me then, that I might be at reſt? A *Man* muſt not ſuffer himſelf thus to be fool'd. All honours can be but a burden to an *innocent* ſoule, for ſo much as they are continuall objects of vanity, which ſtirre up the paſſions, and onely ſerve but for nouriſhment to them in their violences, to hurry them into all ſorts of extremities. And after all, the *neceſſitie* of *dying*, which makes an inſeparable accident in our condition, *gloomes* the glittering of all this *vaine* glory, which environs *us*. In the anguiſhes of *Death*, a man dreames not of the *grandeurs* of his life, and being ever and anon upon point to depart, finds himſelfe often afflicted *moſt* with thoſe good things which hee *poſſeſſeth*, meaſuring already the depth of the *fall* by the height of the place, whither he is *exalted*.

'Tis an irkſome remembrance of paſt happineſſe.

* Hee which found *Fortune* at his gate, found no naile to ſtay her wheele: But if *Shee* on the *one* ſide takes a pleaſure to ruine *Empires*, to deſtroy Realmes, and to precipitate her favorites:

* Galba.

vourites: *Death* on the *other* side pardons no body, alters the temperament of all sorts of humours, perverts the order of every kind of habitude, and not content yet to beate downe all these great *Colosses* of *Vanitie*, which would be ta'en for the worlds wonders, calls to the sharing of their ruine the elements, thus to bury their materials in their first abysses, where she hath designed the place of their entombement.

All things passe away, and by their way *tell us that we must doe so too.*

What can a *Man* then find *Constant* in the world, where Constancy doth no where reside? *Time*, *Fortune*, *Death*, *our Passions*, and a *Thousand* other stumbling blocks shall never speake other language to us but of our *miseries*, and yet wee will suffer our selves like *ALEXANDER* to be voyc'd *immortall*. Our prosperities, our grandeurs, our very delights themselves, shall tell us, as they passe, a word in our eare, that wee ought not to *trust* them, and yet for all this, we will never sigh but after them. Be it then at last for very *regreet*, to have vented to the wind so many vain sighs, for *Chimeras* of sweets,

whereof

whereof the *remembrance* can not be but full of *bitterneſſe*.

Vaine honours of the world, tempt me no more: your allurements are powerfull, but too weake to vanquiſh me. I *deride* your wreaths of *Laurell*, there grows more on't in my *garden* then you can give me. If you offer me eſteeme, and reputation among men, what ſhould I doe with your preſents? *Time* devoures every day the like of them, and yet more precious. I undervalue all ſuch *Good-things*, as *It* can take away againe from me.

No ſecuritie of pleaſure, to enjoy ſuch things as may every moment be loſt.

Deceitfull greatneſſes of the *Earth*, ceaſe to purſue me, you ſhall never catch me, your *charmes* have given ſome *hits* to my *heart*, but *not* to my *ſoule*, your *ſweets* have touch't my *ſenſes*, but not my *ſpirit*; what have you to offer me, which can *ſatisfie* me? *Time* and Fortune *lend* you all the Scepters and Crownes which you *borrow*, and as you are not the owners, they *take* them away againe when they will, and not when it *pleaſeth* you. So then, I will have no Scepters for an *houre*, nor no Crownes for *a day*. If I have deſire to

Worldly Greatneſſes are but like Masking-clothes, which ſerve him and t'other but for that time.

raigne, 'tis *beyond* Time, that I may thus be under shelter from the inconstancy of *Ages*. Trouble not your selves to follow me. This world is a Masse of mir, upon which a Man may make impresse of all sorts of Characters, but not hinder Time to deface the draught at any time. Ambitious Spirits, faire leave have you to draw the Stell of your designes upon this ready prim'd cloth: Some few yeeres wipe out all. Some ages carry away all, and the remembrance of your follyes is only immortall in your soules, by the eternall regreet which remaines you of them.

SCIPIO made designe to conquer *Carthage*, and after he had cast the project thereof upon mould, he afterwards tooke the body of this shadow, and saw the effect of his desires: But may not one say, that the Trophies of his valour have beene cast in rubbidge within that masse of durt, whereof the world is composed, since all the marks thereof are effaced? *Carthage* it selfe though it never had life, could not avoyd its Death. Time hath buried it so deep under its owne ruines, that we

seeke

seeke in vaine the place of its Tombe. I leave you to ruminate, if its subduer were himselfe able to resist the assaults of this Tyrannie.

If *ALEXANDER* had sent his thoughts into heaven, there to seeke a new world, as well as his desires on earth there to find one, he had not lost his time; but as he did amuze himselfe to engrave the history of his ambition and triumphs upon the same masse of clay, which he had conquered; he writ upon water, and all the characters on't are defaced. The Realmes which hee subdued, have lost some of them their names, and of this Triumpher there remaines us but the *Idea* as of a Dreame, since men are ready to require *Security*, even of his *Memorie*, for the wonders which it preacheth to us of him.

There is more glory to despise the world, then to conquer it: for after its conquest, a man knowes not what to doe with it.

May wee not then againe justly avow, that of all the conditions, to which a man may be advanced without the ayde of vertue, either by nature or Fortune, there is none more infortunate, then to be to these a favorite, nor any more miserable, then to be a *Great-one*? This inconstant Goddesse

All those who engage themselves to the service of fortune, are ill paid; and of this, every day gives us experience.

hath a thousand favours to lend, but to give, none but haltars, poysons, poniards, and precipices. 'Tis a fine thing to see *Hannibal* begging his bread even in view of *Scipio*, after he had cal'd into question the price of the worlds *Empire-dome*. Is it not an object worthy of compassion, to consider *Nicias* upon his knees before *Gillippus*, to beg his owne and the Athenians lives, after he had in a manner commanded the winds at Sea, and Fortune ashore, in a government soveraignly absolute? Who will not have the same resentiments of pity, reading the history of *Crassus*, then whē by excesse of disaster he surviv'd both his glory & reputation, being constrained to assist at the funerals of his owne renowne, and undergoe the hard conditions of his enemies, attending death to free him from servitude? Will you have no regreet, to see enslav'd under the tyrannie of the *Kings* of *Egypt*, the great *Agesilaus*, whose valour was the onely wonder of his *Time*? What will you say to the deplorable *Fate* of *Cumenes*, to whom Fortune having offered so often Empires, gives him nothing

All those who hound after fortune, are well pleased to be deceived, since her deceits are so well knowne.

in

in the end but chaines, ſo to dye in captivitie?

You ſee at what price *Men* have bought the *favours* of this Goddeſſe, when many times the ſerenity of a happy life produceth the ſtorme of an unfortunate *Death*. You may judge alſo at the ſame time, of what Nature are theſe heights of *honour*, when often the *Greateſt* at Sun-riſe, find themſelves at the end of the Day, the moſt miſerable. And ſuppoſe Fortune meddle not with'em, to what extremitie of miſerie thinke you is a man reduc't at the *houre* of his departure? All his *Grandeurs*, though yet preſent, are but as paſt felicities, *he* enjoyes no more the goods which he poſſeſſes, griefes only appertaine to him in proper, and of what magnificences ſo'ere hee is environed, this obje&t ſhowes him but the image of a funerall pompe, his bed already *Emblemes* the Sepulcher, the *ſheets* his winding linnen, wherein he muſt be inveloped. So that if he yet conceit himſelfe *Great*, 'tis onely in miſery. Since all that hee ſees, heares, touches, ſmells, and taſts, ſenſibly

I wonder not if rich men be afraid of death, *ſince to them it is more* dreadfull *then to any.*

ſenſibly perſwades him nothing elſe.

Give Reſurrection in your thoughts, to great *Alexander*, and then againe conceive him at laſt gaſpe, and now conſider in this deplorable eſtate, wherein hee finds himſelfe involv'd upon his funerall couch, to what can ſtead him all the *grandeurs* of his life paſt, they being alſo paſt with it. I grant that all the *Earth* be his: yet you ſee how the little load of that of his body weighs ſo heavy on his ſoule, that it is upon point to fall groveling under the burden. I grant that all the glory of the world belong to him in proper, hee enjoyes nothing but his miſeries. I yeeld moreover, that all *Mankind* may be his ſubjects: yet this abſolute ſoveraignety, is not exempt from the ſervitude of payne. Be it, that with the onely thunder of his voyce he makes the Earth to tremble: yet he himſelfe cannot hold from ſhaking at the noyſe of his owne ſighs. I grant in fine, that all the Kings of the world render him homage: yet hee is ſtill the tributary of *Death*.

Fortune *ſells every day the glory of the* world *to any that will, but none but* fooles *are her chap-men.*

O grandeurs! ſince you fly away without

out ceaſe, what are you but a little wind? and ſhould I be an Idolater of a litle toſſed *Ayre*, and which only moves but to vaniſh to its repoſe?

Omnis motus tendit ad quietem.

O greatneſſes! ſince you doe but paſſe away, what name ſhould I give you but that of a *dreame?* Alas, why ſhould I paſſe my life in your purſuite, ſtill dreaming after you?

O worldly greatneſſes, ſince you bid *Adieu* to all the world, without being able to ſtay your ſelves one onely moment; *Adieu* then, your allurements have none for me, your ſweets are bitter to my taſte, and your pleaſures afford me none. I cannot runne after that which flyes: I can have no love for things which paſſe away; and ſince the world hath nothing elſe, 'tis a long while that I have bidden *adieu* to it. It had promiſed me much, and though it had given me nothing, yet cannot I reproach it, finding my ſelfe yet too *rich* by reaſon of its hardneſſe. But I returne to the point.

Worldly Greatneſſes are but childrens trifles, every wiſe man deſpiſes them.

Men of the World would perſwade us, that it is impoſſible to finde any quiet in it, to ſay, a firme ſettling of

Spirit,

The onely meanes to be content, is to settle the conscience in peace.

Spirit, wherein a man may be content in his condition, without ever wishing any other thing. And for my part, I judge nothing to be more easie, if wee leave to reason its absolute power. What impossibilitie can there be, to regulate a mans will to God's? And what contradiction in't, to live upon earth of the pure benedictions of heaven? *What greater Riches can a man wish then this, to be able to undergoe the Decrees of his Fate, without murmuring and complaint?* If *Riches* consisted onely in Gold, Diamonds, Pearles, or such like things, of like raritie, those which have not of 'em, might count themselves miserable. But every man carryes his treasure in his conscience. Hee which lives without just scandall, lives happily; and who can complaine of a happy life?

Riches are of use to humane life, but not of necessitie, for without them a man may live content.

But if to have the hap of these felicities of this life, a man judge presently, that hee ought of necessity to have a great number of riches: This is to enslave himselfe to his owne opinion, abounding in his proper sense, and condemning reason for being of the contra-

contrary part. I know well that a man is naturally swayed to love himselfe more then all things of the world, & that this love proceeds from the passion of our interests, seeking with much care and paine, all that may contribute to our contentments; and whereas Riches seeme to be Nurses of them, this consequence is incident to be drawne, that without them is no contented living. But at first dash, it is necessary to distinguish this love into Naturall and Brutall, and beleeve, that with the illumination of reason, wee may purifie the relishes of the first, even to the point of rendring them innocent, without departing from our interests, and consequently the enjoyment of our pleasures, giving them for object, the establishment of our setled content, in mispriſion of all those things of the world, which may destroy it.

Philautia.

When Reason *reignes, the passions obey.*

As for this brutish *Love*, which estranging us from God, separates us also from our selves; the passion of it becomes so strong by our weakenesse, that without a speciall grace wee grow old

old in this maladie of Spirit, of contenting our Senſes, rather then obeying our Reaſon, making a new God of the Treaſures of the Earth. But in concluſion, theſe Gods abandon our bodies to the Wormes, and our ſoules to the Devils. And for all their *riches*, the greateſt *Great ones* can onely purchaſe a glorious Sepulture. Is not this a great advantage, and a goodly conſolation?

He whoſe will ſubmits to Gods will, *lives ever content.*

Maintaine we boldly, that a man may finde quietneſſe of life in all ſorts of condition, with the onely *richneſſe* of a tractable Soule, reſign'd to take the time as it comes, and as God ſends it, without ever arguing with his providence. There is no affliction, whereto our Soule cannot give us aſſwage. There is no ill whereto it ſelfe is not capable to furniſh us a remedie. A man, how miſerable ſomever, may finde his contentment amidſt his miſeries, if he lives for his ſoule more then for his bodies behalfe. God makes us to be borne where he will, and of what Parents hee pleaſes: if the pooreneſſe of our birth accompanie us even to death, hee hath ſo ordained it; what can wee elſe doe, but

The Spirit of a Man will beare his infirmitie.

but let him so doe? Can'he be accounted miserable, that obey's with good grace his soveraignes decrees?

O, how is it farre more easie to undergoe the burthen of much *povertie*, then of great *riches*! For a man extremely *poore*, is troubled with no thoughts more important, then onely how to finde meanes to passe his life in the austerities whereto hee is alreadie habituated, without repining after other fortune, as being estranged equally both from his knowledge and reach; in which respects, hee may well be stil'd *happie*. But a man very *rich*, dreames of nothing but to eternize the continuance of his dayes (although this fancie be in vaine) in stead of letting them quietly slide away; insomuch, that being possest with no passion more then love of life, hee thinkes alwayes to live, and never to die. But *Death* comes ere hee thinks on't, and taking from him all to his very *Shirt*, constraines him to confesse, that *riches* are onely profitable by misprision, since by the contempt a man makes of them, he may become the richest of the world.

'Tis a greater danger to be very rich, *then very* poore: *for* riches *often make men loose their* way, *but* povertie *keepes 'em in the streight* path.

Death *cannot be said to deceive any body, for it is infallible, and yet the world complaines of it.*

O what a ſenſible pleaſure 'tis to be *Rich*, ſay wordly men alwayes! but I would faine know, in what conſiſts this contentment? what ſatisfaction can there be had to poſſeſſe much treaſure, knowing what an infinit number of our companions are reduc'd to the laſt point of povertie? Some in *Hoſpitals*, where they lye in ſtraw, o'rewhelmed with a thouſand freſh griefes. Others at the *corner* of a ſtreet, where a piece of a *Dung-hill* ſerves them at once, both for bed and board. Some againe in Dungeons, where horrour and affright, hunger and deſpaire tyrannize equally over their unfortunate ſpirits. And others in ſome *Deſert*, to which ill fate has confined them, to make their ills remedileſſe, as being farre removed from all ſorts of ſuccours. How with the knowledge of theſe truths, a man ſhall be able to reliſh greedily the vaine ſweets of wordly riches, it muſt needs be for want of reaſon or pity, and conſequently to be altogether brutiſh or inſenſible. I ſhall have (ſuppoſe) a hundred thouſand crownes in rents, and all this revenue ſhall

There is no emptineſſe in nature, for miſeries fill all.

ſhall ſerve but to nouriſh my body and its pleaſures, without conſidering, that a hundred thouſand poore ſoules ſigh under the heavy burden of their miſeries every Day: and yet men ſhall eſteeme me happy in being rich in this fate. *O how dangerous are the treaſures, which produce theſe felicities!*

'Tis a brave generoſitie, to be ſenſible of other mens miſeries.

Is it poſſible, that the *Great-ones* of the world doe not thinke at all in the middle of their *Feaſts*, of the extreame poverty of an infinite number of perſons, and that in themſelves they doe not reaſon ſecretly in this ſort. What? in this inſtant that we ſatiate the appetite of our ſenſes, with all that Nature hath produced moſt delicious for their entertaine; a million and many more poore *ſoules*, are reduced to this extremitie, as not to have one onely crumme of bread. And in this ſerious thought what reliſh can they find in their *beſt-cook'd cates*, and in their ſweeteſt condiment? does not this important conſideration, mingle a little bitterneſſe? But if their ſpirits eſtrange themſelves from theſe meditations, and faſten to objects more agreeable,

O how hard of digeſtion is the ſecond ſervice of their collation! *Hee which cannot love his neighbour, ha's no love for himſelfe.*

To ſpeake ingenuouſly, every time when I conſider in that condition, exempt from want, wherein God hath given me birth, and wherein his goodneſſe (which is no other then himſelfe) keeps me ſtill alive. I ſay, when I conſider the miſery to which the *greateſt* part of the world is reduced, I cannot be weary of bleſſing this adorable Providence, which grants me to ſee from the haven, the tempeſts wherein ſo many ſpirits are toſſed: which grace to me alone (me thinks) is all extraordinary to ſee my ſelfe under ſhelter, from ſo many evils, wherewith ſo many perſons are *afflicted*. By what meanes could I deſerve, before the Creation of all things, that this ſoveraigne *Creator* ſhould deſigne mee from the Abyſſes of nothing, to give me *Being*, and a being moreover of *grace*, making me to be borne in a *Golden age*, in a *Chriſtian Kingdome*, and in a City of the *Catholike Faith*, for to be inſtructed and brought

All in God is adorable, and all incomprehenſible; we muſt then adore, and be ſilent.

brought up as I have beene in the only Religion, wherein a man may find his *Salvation?* and with all these benefits, moreover, to elevate me above the *temptations* of poverty and misery.

Are not these most pure favours, which would require of this *Eternall* ONE, (who hath bestowed them me) the tearme of an *Eternity*, that I might be able to arrive to some small condigne acknowledgement of them? The most miserable wretch of the world, wherein did he differ from me in way of merit of some portion of these favours, which he possesseth not; since that before time was, hee and I were nothing at all, and yet from all eternitie *God* hath bestowed these things on me in precedencie, rather then on him? At least (say I) it did behoove me, that since the first moment, I was capable of reason; I had employed all those of my life past in the continuall *meditation* of so many, and so great benefits, whereof to reach the reason, 'twere to find the bottomes of the Abysses of this infinite mercy, to which I remaine infinitely indebted?

The neereſt way from Earth to Heaven, is by Charitie.

And comming to the point, ought not I in this preheminence of *mine* contribute all my power to the ſuccour of him, who enjoyeth not my happineſſe, to the end, thus to deſerve in a manner, ſome partie of them under the favour of merits from this great *God*, who onely gives reward to thoſe good actions, which he makes me doe. Can I refuſe to be *charitable* to him, who onely begges *ſome good* of me, but to render me worthy of *that*, which I have received from *heaven?* I ſhall have all things to my wiſh amidſt my pleaſures, when *Death* it ſelfe is deafe to his plaints, in extremitie of his paines: And ſhall not I give him ſome ſort of conſolation, either in good office, or in pity, being thereunto obliged by yet more powerfull reaſons?

Earthly greatneſſe is the leaſt gift of Heaven.

Great-ones of the World, you are more miſerable then theſe miſerable-ones, even in the mid'ſt of your felicities, if the recite of their evils give you not ſome *touch*. You have riches more then they, but *God* hath given you theſe, but to *cheere* their poverty. As well alſo, though they now are

yours

yours, shall they take leave of you, at the *Even* of your depart, and if of them you carry any thing away, it shall be onely the interests of that which you have lent these Poore-ones.

Great worldly-ones, how is your fate worthy of compassion rather then Envie, if you have no other Paradise then your riches?

Grandees of the World, how soone will the source of your contentments dry up, if onely your treasures give it spring-head?

Great worldly-ones! of how short endurance shall be your prosperities, though an Age should bee limit to their course, since at the end of that tearme you must dye eternally, and dye in a paine alwayes living. Suggest to your selves often these importancies. *Visit and turne over the leafe, to reade more of them.*

He whose hopes are onely on the world, must needs at last despaire.

When I consider the great number of *Emperours*, *Kings*, *Princes*, and *Lords*, which have governed the *World*, and the Battels which they have given for its conquests, since the moment of its creation, I remaine all amaz'd, nor

Houres, Dayes, Yeares, and Ages may well be different, but the world is still the same.

able to find bounds nor measure in this amuzement. How many severall Masters may a man imagine then, that the World hath had? and how many times conquered, dividing it into divers Empires, Kingdomes, and Lordships? Well, yet the World hath still remained the same, and in the same place still: but its Emperours, Kings, Princes, and Lords, are vanished away, one at the heeles of other, and all their conquests have served them only as matter of Passe-time, since all their combats and battels, have had no other price of Victory, but upon the same earth, where their glories, and bodyes remaine together enterred.

O goodly childish sport, to amuze themselves about conquering some little point within the limits, wherewith the Universe is bounded! Ask but *Alexander* what hee hath done with the bootyes of his Conquest. When he had ta'en away all, he had yet nothing, and of himselfe now remaines there nothing at all. *Ambition, behold the reverse of thy Medall.*

LORD, Preserve to me alwayes, if

(if it pleaſe thee) this humour wherein I now finde my ſelfe, to miſprize all the things of the world, and *It* too with paſſion. Give me a heart wavering and inconſtant, to this end, that it may unceſſantly change from all worldly Love, till it be ſubjected to the ſweet Empire of thy Love. Render, render evermore my ſpirit unquiet, untill that it hath found its repoſe in thee alone, the foundations of ſuch a reſt are unremoveable. I will give for nothing all my pretentions on earth, for thereto pretend I nothing at all. *Heaven* onely is *my marke and ayme. Now you ſhall ſee ſoone the end of the Chapter.*

Why ſhould any love the world, which deceives all that truſt in't?

How was it poſſible that the glory of thoſe brave *Romanes* of former time, could any way arrive to that point (though they aym'd it) whereto the renowne of *Rome* it ſelfe could never attaine? What a folly was it, that they ſought immortality amid'ſt this inconſtancy of Ages, where *Death* onely was in his Kingdome, for they aſſiſted every day, at the funerall of their renowned companions, and after

Theſe wiſe worldly ones have had no other recompence of their folly, but ſuch a blaſt of Fames Trump.

they had seen their bodyes reduced into ashes, they might with the same eye, moreover, contemplate their shadows, I meane their statues, metamorphosed into dust, and all their reputation served but as a wind to beare them away into an infinity of *Abysses*, since as a Wind, being nothing else, it flyes away with these heapes of ruine, so farre both from the eye, and all memory, that in the end, there is no more thought on't.

In effect, all these *great men* of the World did see buried every moment the hope of this vaine glory, whereof their ambition was alwayes labouring to make acquist; and yet not one of them for all this, stept backe; as if they tooke a pride in their vanities, and the folly of them were hereditary. *CÆSAR* had seene the death of *Pompey*, and with him all the glory of his renowne, and *Pompey* had seene buried in the tombe of *Time*, and *Oblivion*, the renowne of that great *Scipio*, whose valour more redoubted then the thunder had made the *Earth* tremble so oft. *Scipio* in his turne might have read the Epitaph, which despaire, shame, and disaster had graven in letters

Ambition never elevates, but to give a greater fall.

of

of Gold upon the Sepulture of *Hannibal*, and *Hannibal* might have learn't to know by the unconstancy of the Age, wherein he liv'd, before he made experiment of them, the mis-fortunes, and miseries, which are inseparable to our condition. And yet notwithstanding, all of them have stumbled one after other, upon one and the same Stumbling-stone.

The richest of the world at last is found as poore as the poorest companion.

I am not come into *Persia*, for the conquest of treasures, said *Alexander* to *Parmenio:* take thou all the riches, and leave mee all the glory: but after good calculation, neither of them both had any thing at all. These riches remained in the world still, to which they properly appertained, and this vaine-glory saw its lover dye, without it selfe being seene. Insomuch that after so great conquests, the wormes have conquered this great *Monarch*, and as the dunghill of his ashes ha's no sort of correspondence with this so famous name of *Alexander*, which otherwhile he bore, tis not to be said, what he hath beene, seeing what he is now, I meane his present wretchednesses efface every day the memory of his past greatnesses.

Ambi-

Ambitious spirits, though you should conquer a thousand worlds, as hee did this one, you should not be a whit richer for all these conquests. The *Earth* is still as it was, it never changes nature. All her honours are not worth one teare of repentance: all its glory is not to bee prized with one sigh of contrition. I grant that the noise of your renowne may resound through the foure corners of the Universe: That of *SALADINE* which went round it all, could not exempt him from the mishaps of life, nor miseries of *Death*. After he had encoffered all the riches of the East, yet findes he himselfe so poore for all that, hardly can he take along with him so much as a *Shirt*.

Embalme then the Aire which you breathe, with a thousand *Odours*, bee Served in Plate of *Gold*, Lye in *Ivory*, Swimme in *Honours*, and lastly, let all your actions glitter with magnificence; the last moment of your life shall bee judge of all those, which have preceded it: then shall you be able at your *Death*, to tel me the worth of this vaine glory, whereof you have beene *Idolaters*, and after your *Death*,

'Tis the greatest horror of death, to render account of all the moments of life.

Death, you ſhall reſent the paines of an eternall regreet, having now no more opportunity to repent you to any effect.

Beleeve mee, all is but *Vanity*, *Honour*, *Glory*, *Riches*, *Praiſe*, *Eſteeme*, *Reputation*, All this is but ſmoake during Life, and after *Death*, nothing at all. The *Grands* of the world have made a little more noyſe then others by the way. But this Noyſe is ceas'd, their light is extinguiſh't, their memory buried. And if men ſpeake of them ſometimes, the anſwer is returned with a ſhake of the head, intimating no more words of them, ſince ſuch a Law of ſilence, *Time* hath impoſed hereon. Seeke your glory in *God*, and your Honour in the contempt of this earthly Honour, if you will eternize your renowne, in the perpetuity of Ages. *I have no more to ſay to you, after theſe truths.*

* *
*

A PROLVSIVE
upon the EMBLEME of the third Chapter.

A Funeral *Herse* with wreaths of Cypres crested,
A *Skeleton* with Roabes imperiall vested,
Dead march, sad lookes, no glorious circumstance
Of high Atchievements, and victorious Chance;
Are these fit Trophy's for a *Conquerour*?
These are the Triumphs of the *Emperour*
ADRIAN, who chose this *Sable* Heraldry
Before the popular guilded Pageantry.
'Stead of Triumphall Arches he doth reare
The Marble Columnes of his *Sepulcher*.
No publike honours wave his strict intent,
To shrine his Triumph in his *Monument*.
The *Conscript Fathers* and *Quirites* all
Intend his welcome to the *Capitoll*.
The vast expence one day's work would have cost,
He wiser farre (since t'other had beene lost)
To build a *Mausolæum* doth bestow,
Which now at *Rome* is call'd *Saint* * *Angelo*;
Where to this Day, from *Ælius Adrian's* Name,
The *Ælian* * Bridge doth still revive his fame.
Now was the peoples expectation high,
For wonted pompe and glitt'ring Chevalry:
But loe their *Emp'rour* doth invite 'em all,
Not to a Shew, but to his *Funerall*.

* *Moles ADRIANI nunc Castrũ S. Angeli.*

* *Pons Ælius.*

They

They looke for *Gew-Gaw*-fancies; his wife scorne
Contemnes those Vanities, leaves their hope for-
For since all's smother'd in the *Funerall Pile*, (lorne.
He will not dally with 'em for a while.
This was *Selfe-Victory*, and deserveth more
Then all the Conquests he had woon before.
What can *Death* doe to such a man, or *Fate*,
Whose Resolutions them anticipate?
For since the *Grave* must be the latter *end*,
Let our preventing thoughts first thither tend.
Bravely *resolv'd* it is, knowing the *worst*
What must be done at *last*, as good at *first*.

THE

ADRIAN Emperour of Rome *Celebrates himselfe, his* Funeralls, *and causes his* Coffin *to be carried in Triumph before him.*

THE MIRROVR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. III.

O How glorious is the Triumph over *Death*? O how brave is the *Victorie* over a Mans selfe! You see how this great * *Monarch* triumphs to day over that proud Triumpher *Death*, after the happy vanquishment of his passions. Hee enters into his *Empire* by the Port of his *Tombe*, thus to raigne during his life, like a man that dyes every moment; he celebrates himselfe his owne *Funerals*, and is led in Triumph to his *Sepulcher*

* Adrian.

pulcher to learne to dye generously. What a glory's this to over-awe *That*, which commands the whole world? what Courage is this, to assaile and combate *That*, which none could ever yet resist? and what a power is it to tame *That* which never yet yeelded? *Echo* her selfe hath not rebounds enow to resound aloud the wonders of this *Victorie*.

This is not the Triumph of *Alexander*, when he made his entry into *Babylon*, mounted upon a Chariot as rich as the *Indies*, and more glistering then the *Sunne*.

In this we see no other riches, but the rich contempt, which ought to be made of them; no other lustre, but of *Vertue*.

This is not the Triumph of *Cæsar* then, when he was drawne unto the *Capitoll* by forty Elephants, after he had wonne twenty foure battels. In this we see nought else but a *funerall* pompe, but yet so glorious, that *Death* her selfe serves for a *Trophie* to it.

This is not the Triumph of *Epaminondas*, where the glorious lustre of the magni-

magnificence, sham'd the splendour of the day, which yet lent its light to it. The marvels which appear'd in this here, seem'd as celebrating in blacke the Exequies of all the other braveries of the world, since nothing can be seene more admirable then this.

This is not the Triumph of *Aurelian*, where all the graces are led captive with *Zenobia*. In this are to be seene no other captives but the world, and all its vanities, and their defeat is the richest Crowne of the *Victor*.

To triumph over vice, is the noblest Trophie.

This is not the Triumph of that pompeous Queene of *Egypt* entring into *Cilicia*, where shee rays'd admiration to her selfe in a Galley of unutterable value; but in this wee contemplate the more then humane industrie of a Pilote, who from the midst of the stormes and tempests of the world, recovers happily to the Port, the ship of his life, though yet but in the way to approach to it.

In fine, this is not the Triumph of *Sesostris*, whose stately Chariot foure Kings drew. Passions are the onely slaves of this, and *Death* being here

vanquisht, this honour remaines immortall, and the name of the Triumpher.

All the glory *of* men *vanisheth away with them.*

Say we then once againe, O how glorious a Triumph is this, over *Death*! *O how brave is the victorie over our selves*! and the onely meanes thus to vanquish a mans-selfe, is to bury his *ambition* before his body be *ensepulchred*, preparing ne'retheleſſe the tombe of both; to the'nd, that the continuall remembrances of *Death*, may serve for temperament and moderation to the delights of life.

We reade of *Paulus Æmilius*, that returning to *Rome* laden with wreaths of Laurell, after the famous victorie over the *Persians*; he made his entrance of triumph with so great pompe and magnificence, that the Sunne seemed to rouze it selfe many times, as if upon designe to contemplate theſe wonders.

Pompey desirous to expose to the view of day, all the magnificent presents, which Fortune had given him in his last conquests, entred now the third time in Triumph into the

City

City of *Rome*, where the noyſe of his valour made as many Idolaters, as admirers, gayning hearts, and now conquering ſoules, as well as before Realms and Provinces: But it ſeemes, that the glory, which accompanyed him in this action had this defect, not to be ſufficiently worthily knowne, even of thoſe that were witneſſes of it, as ſurprizing by much, all that they could poſſibly expreſſe of it.

There was ſeene advanc't before his Charriot, in oſtentation, a Checker-worke compoſed of two ſorts of precious ſtones, whoſe beauty ſet them beyond all price: But yet (me thinks) their ſparkling might have in good time beene a light to him, if by a feeling of fore-ſight, touching the inconſtancie of his fortune, hee had cauſed to have beene graven thereon the hiſtorie of his miſhaps. There was admired in ſequell, a *Statue* of the Moone, all of Gold, in forme of a *Creſcent*, and I am aſtoniſht, that this Image of change and *Viciſſitude*, made him not fore-ſee the returning of the Wheele, I meane the

Vanitie *is a dangerous* enemie, *it flatters, onely to ſurprize.*

storme, that was to succeede the calme of his happinesse. He caus'd moreover to be caried before him a great number of Vessels of Gold, never thinking that *Death* might soone repleniſh some part of them with his ashes. There was seene to follow a Mountaine all of Gold, upon which were all sorts of animals, and many Trees of the same matter, and this mountaine was enrounded with a Vine, whose golden glittering dazled the eyes of all that considered its wonders. This proud Triumpher was the *Orpheus*, which to the *Lyrick* sound of his renowne, attracted this Mountaine, these Animals, these Trees, this Vine. But as *Orpheus*, so him also, Fortune destinated a *Prey* to the fury of *Bacchinals*, I meane the Eunuchs which put him to *Death*. Three Statues of gold, first *Iupiters*, then *Mars*, and then of *Pallas*, came after. These were his Gods and his Goddesse: what succours could he expect from these Deities, which had no subsistence, but in statue, and the copy of whose portraict had no principall? There was had in admiration moreover,

Ambition is an incurable disease of the soule, if in good time it be not looke too.

over, thirty Garlands all of gold, and Pearles: but these Crownes were too weighty for his head, from whence it came to passe, that hee fell under the burden. A golden Chappell followed after, dedicated to the *Muses*, upon which was a great Horologe of the same materials. And as the Index still turned, ought not he to have considered, that the houre of his triumphing began to passe away, and that of his overthrow would presently sound, being sequell to the Lawes of that vicissitude, to which Fate hath subjected all things? His statue of gold enrich't with Diamonds, and Pearles, whereof nor hee himselfe, nor hee that enwrought them, knew the value, followed in its course, and in fine, this his shadow, was more happy then the true body, as having never beene scuffled with, but by time, and the other was vanquisht with miserie. Then appeared the great *Pompey*, seated upon a Throane, where hee and Fortune seemed to give Laws to the whole world, for his Triumphall Charriot was so richly glorious, so magnificent in rari-

A man had need to have an excellent memorie, not to forget himselfe among his honours.

ties, so splendide in new, and ne're-before-seene wonders, that a raviſhment surprized mens spirits, elevating them at once from admiration to extasie, not giving them leasure to make reflection upon the present realties. But this Triumphall Charriot still roul'd about, and though the Triumpher remain'd seated in his place, yet his Fortune turned about likewise. Insomuch that in going to the Capitoll, hee approach't by little & little to the bank, where his life and happinesse, were equally enterred.

Be it our constant meditation, of the inconstancie to which all worldly things are subjected.

In fine, for the fulnesse of Glory, These proper names of the conquests, which he had made, were read in golden Characters: The Kingdome of *Pontus*, *Armenia*, *Cappadocia*, *Paphlagonia*, *Media*, *Colchis*, the *Hiberians*, the *Albanians*, *Siria*, *Cilicia*, *Mesopotamia*, *Phœnicia*, *Palestina*, *Iudea*, *Arabia*, and the *Rovers* of all the Seas. Who can be comparable to this proud Conquerour? and yet (*I say it*) having conquered and subjugated the greatest part of the Earth, Fate permits him not so much, as to expire upon it, and the Sea

See Pliny's *Nat. Historie, 7 Book, 26 Chapter.*

Pride *is the passion of* fooles: *for what a senselesnesse is it, to be proud, having so many* miseries *about us, which are incident to mortall* man?

Sea yet more treacherous, prepares him shipwracke in mid'st of the Port.

What resemblance, and what correspondence can there be now, betweene this Triumph so sumptuous, so stately, and magnificent, and *that*, whose presentation I show you, where *lowlinesse*, *humilitie*, and *miserie* hold the first ranke, and possesse the higheſt places. Assuredly the difference is great, but yet this inequalitie here is glorious, since it brings along with it the price of that vertue, whereof *Pompey* despised the conqueſt. Hee in his Triumph, rays'd wonder to the beauty of those two great precious stones. But the Sepulchrall Marbles, which appeared in this of *ADRIAN*, were of another estimate, because Prudence values them above all price, putting them to that employment, to which shee had destinated them. Againe, if he expose to view in vessels of gold, Mountaines, Animals, Trees, Vines, Statues of the same matter; This *Herse* covered with *black*, which serves for ornament to this *Funerall* Pompe, containes yet much more

How poore is the vanitie *of* men, *having no other grounds but humane frailtie?*

treasure, since the contempt of all together is graven therein. Hee makes ostentation of his *Statue* of gold, enrich't with Pearles: but our *Monarch* takes as much glory without them, shewing in his owne bare Portraict, the originall of his miseries. That proud Conquerour had a thousand Garlands and golden Coronets, as a novell Trophy: But ours here crownes himselfe with *Cypresse* during his carreere of life, to merit those palmes which await him in the end. In fine, *Pompey* is the Idoll of hearts, and soules, and his Triumphall Chariot serves as an Altar, where he receives the vowes and Sacrifices: But this Prince, in stead of causing Idolaters, during the sway of his Majestie, immolates himselfe up to the view of Heaven, and Earth, dying already in his owne Funerals, and suffering himselfe to be as is were buried by the continuall object, which dwels with him of *Death* and his *Tombe*. But if *Pompey* lastly, boast himselfe to have conquered an infinite number of *Realmes*, or all the world together: *This *Man* having never had worse

Except the Crown of Vertue, all other are subject to change.

*ADRIAN.

worse enemies then his passions, hath sought no other glory but to overcome them, and in their defeat, a Man may well be stil'd the Conquerour of Conquerours; for the Coronall wreaths of this Triumph, feare nor the Sunnes extremity, nor the Ages inconstancie. *Wee must passe on farther.*

Isidore, and *Tranquillus*, doe assure us, that to carry away the glory of a Triumph, it was necessarily required to vanquish five thousand enemies, or gaine five victories, as it is reported of *Cæsar*. The consent of the Senate was also to be had. And the Conquerour was to be clothed in Purple, and Crowned with Laurell, holding a Scepter in his hand, and in this sort hee was conducted to the Capitoll of *Iupiter*, where some famous Orator made a *Panegyricke* of his prowesse.

All the objects of Vanitie *are so many* enemies, *against which we ought to be alwayes in* armes.

What better *Allegory* can wee draw from these prophane truths, then this of the *Victory*, which wee ought to have of our *five Senses* (as of five thousand enemies) whose defeat is necessary to our

Still to wage warre against our passions, is the way to live in peace.

Our triumph. These are the *five Victories*, which he must gaine, that would acquire such Trophies, whose glory is taken away, neither by time nor *Death*.

This consent of the Senate is the Authority of *our reason*, which alone gives value and esteeme to our actions, and 'tis of her that we may learne the meanes in obeying her to command over our passions, and by the conquest of this sway, triumph over *our selves*, which is the bravest Victory of the World.

These Scepters and Crownes are so many markes of Soveraignty, which remaine us in propriety after subjection of so many fierce enemies, *Heaven* is the Capitol, whither our good workes conduct us in triumph, and where the voyce of Angels serves for Oratour to publish the glory of our deedes, whose renowne remaines eternall.

'Tis not all, to love Vertue, *'tis the practice.*

These great *Roman* Captaines, which made love to vertue, though without perfect knowledge of it, have sought for *honour* and *glory* in the overthrow of their enemies, but they could never finde the shadowes of solid Honour, which thus they sought; from whence it came to

passe,

passe, that they have fashioned to themselves diverse *Chimeras*, for to repast their fancy too greedy of these cheating objects. Not that there is no glory in a Conquest: but 'twas their Ambition led them along in Triumph, amidst their owne Triumphing.

What honour had *Cæsar* borne away, if hee had joyned to his Trophies the slavery of *Cleopatra?* hee had exposed to view a Captive-Queene, who otherwhile had subjected him to her Love-dominion. But if the fortune of the warre had delivered him this Princesse, the fate of Love would have given, even himselfe into her hands. Insomuch, that the *Death* of *Cleopatra*, immmortaliz'd the renowne of *Cesar*.

He triumphs with an ill grace, *o're whom his* vices *triumph.*

Asdrubal, according to *Iustin*, triumphed foure times in *Carthage*, but this famous Theater of honour, where glory it selfe had appeared so often upon its Throne, serves in conclusion for a Trophy to a new Conquerour, insomuch, that it buried at once the renowne, and memory, even of

of those, that had presented themselves *triumphant personages.*

To day *Memphis* is all-Triumphant, and on the morrow this proud Citie is reduced to slaverie. To day the report of its glory, makes the world shake, and on the morrow Travellers seeke for it upon its owne site, but finde it not. O goodly *triumph*! O fearefull *overthrow*! What continuall revolution of the *wheele*! *Marcellus* shewes himselfe at point of *day* upon a magnificent Chariot of *Triumph*, and at *Sunne-set* his *glory* and his *life* finish equally their *carreere*. I meane, in the twinckling of an eye, *Fortune* takes away from him all those Laurell-wreaths which shee had given him, and leaves him nothing at his *death*, but the regreet of having liv'd too-long.

It may be some consolation in all our miseries, to see all else have their changes, as well as we.

Marius triumphed diverse times, but with what *tempests* was the *Ship* of his *fortune* entertained? Behold him now elevated upon the highest Throne of *Honour*; but if you turne but your head, you shall see him all-naked in his *shirt*, halfe-buried under the mire of a common *Sinke*, where the *light* of the *day* troubles

troubles him, not being able to endure the *Sunne*, a witneſſe of his misfortunes. Behold him firſt, I ſay, in all abundance of *Greatneſſe*, and *Soveraigntie*, whereof the *ſplendour* dazles the world; but ſtay a little, and you ſhall heare pronounc'd the ſentence of his *death*, being abandoned even of himſelfe, having no more hope of ſafetie.

How pompeous and celebrious was the Triumph of *Lucullus*? In which, hee rais'd admiration to the magnificence of an hundred Gallyes all-armed in the Prow; a thouſand Chariots, charged with Pikes, Halberts, and Corſelets, whoſe ſhocking rumbles ſounded ſo high, it frighted the admirers, though they celebrated the *Feſtivall* of the *Victorie*. The number of Veſſels of Gold, and other Ornaments of the Triumph, was without number. The Statue of *Mithridates* alſo of Gold, ſix foot high, with the Target all covered with precious Stones, ſerv'd anew to the Triumph. And of this *Glory* all the world together was an *adorer*, for the renowne of the *Conquerour* had diverſe times ſurrounded the *Vniverſe*.

But,

Great Men *cannot commit* little *faults.*

But, what *ſhame* after ſo much *glory*! What *infamie* after ſo great *honour*! *Lucullus*, victorious over ſo many Empires, is found in fine ſubjected under the dominion of his *pleaſures:* his *valour* ha's made many *ſlaves* every where, and yet his *ſottiſhneſſe* renders him in the end *ſlave* to his owne *paſſions*. Inſomuch, that after hee had exalted the *ſplendour* of *Rome's* beautie, by his brave *actions*, worthy-admiration, he againe blouzeth it's *luſtre* by his exceſſive *deboſhes*, all blacke with *vice*. And now 'tis in vaine to ſeeke for *Lucullus* triumphant, ſince hee is onely to be found overthrowne in reputation, in which hee ſurvives; thus rendring himſelfe doubly miſerable.

Plutarchus in Apophtheg. Reg. & Imp. *Triſtis ſollicituſq; circumivit urbem.*

Wee reade of *Epaminondas*, that returning victorious from the *Leuctrians*, hee received with regreet the *Preſent* of the *honour* of *Triumph*, which the Senate had prepared him, apprehending evermore the *deturne* of the *Wheele:* ſo that the next morrow after the *Feſtivall*, hee tooke on him *mourning habit*, to prepare himſelfe betimes to ſuffer the *change* of his *fortune*.

It

It is remark't in the history of *Demetrius*, that entring in *Triumph* into *Athens*, the people cast flowers, and an infinite number of golden Globes up and downe the streets, for a signe of a sumptuous congratulation. But what signe of *Vicissitude* and frailty, could there be more apparent, then this, which these flowers represented, since there is nothing more fraile in Nature then they? And these balles shewed also by their round, and still rouling figure, that the Glory whereof they were the symbole, and *Hieroglyphicke*, could not be firme, and stable according as *Truth* it selfe soone after publish't by a sudden change, which rendred the fate of this Victor deplorable.

We are but as so many flowers *planted by* Nature *in the Garden of the Earth, and onely* Death *gathers us.*

Consider a little upon the same subject, what revolutions has the Ball of Empire, made since the first *Monarch*, let it fall at his *Death*. Is it not credible, that it hath runne over diverse times the circuit of the Universe, and its figure instructs us, that in the inconstancy which is proper to all created things, it will still rowle incessantly

In like respect also we are as Bowles, *for still we rowle along to the* Grave.

fantly from one to another, without ever staying, since its Center is no where at all? For so long as the world shall endure, a continuall vicissitude will be its foundation. And what meanes can there be to find a seat upon the earth, which may be sheltered from inconstancy, which raignes soveraignly and necessarily, as essentiall to all whatsomever subsists here below? *I have not beene farre, behold mee upon returne.*

Tertullian assures us, that in the Triumphs of the *Romans*, there was a man waged to cry aloud to the *Triumpher*,

Remember thou art a Man.

Worldly honours are so many temptations, to make us idolatrize our selves.

Plinie passeth farther yet, and tells us, that they were accustomed to put an iron ring upon the *Conquerors* finger, in signe of servitude, as if silently to intimate unto him, that he was besides himselfe, by an excesse of vanity in this amplitude of honour, wherein he saw himselfe elevated above his companions. And upon the same subject, a great number of Historians doe adde, that about the Charriot of the *Triumpher*,

pher, there were two men assigned, the one carrying a *Deaths-head*, the other the Image of a *Peacocke*, and both continually crying,

REMEMBER THAT THOV ART A MAN.

Vanitie *is a dangerous* enemie, *since it* betrayes *us while it seemes to* oblige *us, by the complacence which it gives us.*

Certainely, Vanity makes great *Prize* of us, then when we are elevated to some eminent degree of honour. And though our heads be but as of *dead-mens*, for wee are dying unceſſantly, and our miseries reſemble us to thoſe Images of *Peacockes*, which cannot beare up traine, but upon ugly Feete: Yet our Blindneſſe is ſo great, and this Selfe-love ſo extreame, that men are dazled with too much Splendour, and a Man becomes ſlave to himſelfe by loving himſelfe with too much paſſion. *Greatneſſe and proſperitie never let themſelves be poſſeſt, but to take greater poſſeſſion of us.* And as they have allurements to charme us, and ſweets to raviſh us, a *Man* had need implore the ſuccour of *Divine grace*, if hee would eſcape their

pleasing tyrannie, and nothing but flight from them, or contempt, can give us weapons to resist them. *Let us still returne to the point.*

We reade of *Iudas Machabeus*, that returning victorious from *Galile*, the people conducted him to the Temple, by a way all tapistred with flowers. *Abraham* after hee had vanquished five Kings, was received in Triumph into *Salem*, now called *Hierusalem*.

Iudith received the honour of Triumph by the destruction of *Holofernes*, and all the people of *Bethulia* laden with *Palme*, to make her triumphall wreaths, cryed out in her favour, *Behold the glory of Hierusalem, and the joy of all her Nation.*

Gen. 41.41,42, *&c.* *Ioseph* shewes himselfe in *Triumph* also upon the Chariot of *Pharaoh*, who puts his Royall Ring upon his finger, gives him his Chaine of gold, and makes him publikely to be acknowledged for the second person of *Egypt*.

David triumphs o're *Goliah*, with a magnificence worthy of his victory, and the Virgins chant to his glory,

Saul

Saul *hath kill'd his thousand, and* David *his ten thousand.* 1 *Sam.* 18. 7.

Mordecai also had his turne of Triumph, mounted upon the horse of *Ahasuerus*, and had his prayses Heraldized by *Haman*, in these termes: *Thus shall it be done to the man, whom the King will honour.* *Esther* 6. 11.

All these Triumphs are worthy of admiration, I avouch it: but the *Triumph* over our selves, is worthy astonishment, as having to combate our passions, and consequently the winning'st enemies of the world, I say, the *winning'st*, or the pleasing'st, since they guard themselves onely with such kind of weapons, whose hurtings makes us often sigh rather for joy then griefe.

Certainely, the *Victory of Reason* over all the revolted faculties of our soules, merits alone the honour of a Triumph; and what advantage soever a man has over his enemies, hee himselfe is yet still vanquisht, if his vices be not subdued. *I pursue my designe.*

They which have enthronized *Vertue*

in their breasts, have laid their foundations upon the ruines of their passions, to testifie to us, that a *Man* cannot be vertuous with their predominancy. And after essay of diverse meanes upon designe to vanquish them, I have found none more powerfull, then this, *The Meditation of Death*, but if any doubt this, the tryall on't will be profitable for him.

How is it possible that a *Man* should let himselfe be mastered with the passion of *Revenge*, if he but muze of that Vengeance, which his sins may draw downe every moment upon his head, as being every houre in estate to dye? Hee shall heare rumble in his eares the thunder of Divine Justice, by the continuall murmur of his sighs, which advertize him of the approaches of *Death*. What courage can he have to avenge himselfe, being upon point himselfe to suffer the torment of eternall vengeance?

Thou that art *Vindicative*, wilt thou then quench the ardour of thy *Choller*, feele thine owne pulse, and consider that this pety slow feaver, where-

wherewith thou art ſtormed, leads thee by little and little into the grave.

Who can be *Ambitious*, if muſing of *Death*, ſince hee muſt quitt all with his life? Let us ponder a while the fate of thoſe arrogant ſpirits, which ha' muz'd themſelves to conquer the vaine greatneſſes of the Earth. What hath beene in fine their ſhare at the end of the carriere? They have had nothing but unprofitable regreets, to have ſo ill employ'd their time, finding themſelves ſo poore with all their treaſure, as if they had beene borne the wreched'ſt of the world. Thou *Ambitious-one*, willt thou be cured of the diſeaſe of thy Paſſion, think each houre of the day, that *that* which thou now heareſt ſtrike, may be thy *Laſt*.

'*Tis more honour for a man to avenge himſelfe of his* choler, *then of his* enemie.

Who would ſigh for *prophane Love*, after theſe objects of duſt, and aſhes, if he often conſidered, that hee himſelfe is made of nothing *elſe*, and that this noyſome and corruptive matter ſeekas nothing more, then abyſſes of the grave, there to hide within its loathſomeneſſe, in effect who would

Mortall frailtie *brings blemiſh to the faireſt* viſages, *and mightily takes from their* opinion, *being well conſidered.*

give his fleſh a prey to pleaſures, if he would conſider that the wormes do in expectation, make their fees thereof already. *The Meditation of Death, ſerves for temperament to all ſorts of delights.* And if a *Man* bee capable of love in this *muze*, it cannot be other then of his *Salvation*, ſince this object is eternall, but all others of the world periſhable. Infortunate Lovers ſearch the ſolace of your immodeſt paſſions in the *Anatomy* of the ſubject, whereof you are Idolaters. Be aſſiſtant at that *dead view. Thinke of your owne Death.* Behold you are cured.

He which conſiders of that wretchedneſſe which is adjunct to Death, *eaſily miſpriſeth the* riches *of this* life.

What wretched Rich man would be ſo much in love with his treaſures, if he would conſider, that *Death* robs him from them every day, making him dye continually, and that at the end of the terme of his life, hee carryes along with him but the *good*, or the *evill* which hee hath done, to be either *recompenc'd*, or *puniſh'd*, but with a glory or a puniſhment, whereof *Eternity* alone muſt terminate the continuance? *Covetous Miſers*, the onely meanes for you to be *ſo* no more,

more, is to celebrate your owne funerals, by your *Meditations*, and often to consider the *Account*, not of your riches, but *that* which you must render one day of their fruition, since your *Salvation* depends thereon.

Who, in fine, would make a God of his Belly, seeking with passion all the delights, which may tickle the sense of *Taste*, if he represented to himselfe the *miseries* of the body, which hee takes so much paines to nourish, and the rigour of those inviolable decrees, which destinate him a prey to the *wormes*, and the remaines of their leavings to *rottennesse*? This consideration would be capable to make him loose both appetite, and desire, at the same time, to nourrish so delicately his carkasse. O *soules* all of *flesh*, repasting your selves with nothing *else*, there is no invention to make you change nature, but this, to *Heare* your selves dye by the noyse of your *sighs*, to *See* your selves dye by the *wrinkles* which furrow every day upon your visages, and to *feele* your selves die by the beatings of your pulse, which *indexeth*

this your *hecticke* feaver, wherewith you are *mortally* attainted. This is a *Probatum-remedie*, the experience thereof is not dangerous.

If a man should forget all things else but the miseries of his condition, this last *were enough to exercise the vastest memorie.*

May not a man then maintaine with much reason, that the thought of *Death* alone is capable to cure our soules of the disease of their *passions* in doseing them both the meanes, and the *Vertue* to triumph over them. But if of this you desire an example, call to mind that, which I have proposed you in the beginning of the Chapter. How marvellous is it that a great *Monarch*, who is able to maintaine all manner of pleasure in his heart, with all the delights which accompany it; celebrates himselfe his *Funeralls* in the midst of his carriere of life, beginning to raigne at the end of his raigne, since that last object is alwayes present before his eyes. His Passions doe assaile him, but hee vanquisheth them, they give him combate, but he leads them in triumph, and buryes them altogether in the *Tombe*, which hee prepares himselfe. Consider a little the glory, which is relucent in this action.

We

We read of the King's of *Arabia*, that they triumphed upon Dromedaries, the Kings of *Persia* upon Elephants, of *Croatia* upon Bulls, the *Romanes* upon horses, and yet 'tis remarkt of *Nero*, that hee made himselfe be drawne in Triumph by foure Hermaphrodite Mares. *Camillus* by foure white Horses. *Marke Antony* by foure Lions, *Aurelian* by foure Hearts, *Cæsar* by forty Elephants *Heliogabalus* by foure Dogges.

Moreover, the Poets doe assure us, that the triumphant Charriot of *Bacchus* was drawne by Tygers, *Neptunes* by Fishes, of *Thetis* by Dolphins, *Diana's* by Harts, of *Venus* by Doves, *Iuno's* by *Peacocks*.

All these objects of pompe, and magnificence, whereof histories, and Fables would eternize the vanity, have for all that done nothing but passe away, and though a little remembrance of them stay with us; 'tis but the memoriall of a *Chimera*, and of a fantosme, since it preaches nothing else tous, but the ruine, and non-entity, of that which hath beene otherwise

This Vanitie *is a most contagious* maladie, *and the onely* preservative, *is the remembrance of* Death.

These things ruminated on, will make us wise.

while. O how glorious a Triumph is it, when wee our selves are enchariotted over our passions now enslaved and subjected under the Empire of *Reason?* There is nothing so *glorious*, there is nothing so *magnificent*: For these Dromedaries, these Elephants, these Bulls, these Horses, these Hermaphrodite Mares, these Lyons, Stags, and Tygres afore-mentioned, are but brute beasts, which draw along intraine after them others as brutish as themselves, as suffering themselves to be transported with vanitie, which onelyreduceth them to this beastly-semblant vanitie. *Let us turne our face to another side.*

Let the fire of Divine Love glow upon our ashes.

SABELLICUS in his ENNEADS, actively perswades us to beleeve, that the *Christians* of *Æthiopia* doe carry in their processions, great vessels full of ashes, to emblematize apparently the frailty of our nature. But may not wee say upon too much reason, that *wee are earthen vessels* full of ashes; and what object more sensibly can be presented before our eyes, to shew us the truth of our miseries, then *this* of our selves? From *Earth* is our production, and the

same

same serves us with nourishment, and for sepulture also, as if ashamed the Sunne should afford his light to our wretchednesse.

Make we then every day *Funerall processions*, or at least visit in meditation every houre our *Tombe*, as the place where our bodyes must make so long abode. *Celebrate* we our selves our owne *Funerals*, and invite to our exequies, *Ambition*, *Avarice*, *Pride*, *Choller*, *Luxurie*, *Gluttony*, and *all* the other *Passions*, wherewith we may be attainted, to the end to be Conquerours, even by our owne proper defeate: For when a *Man* yeelds to the *Meditation* of *Death*, then *reason* commands *sense*; All obey to this apprehension of frailty, and feebleness. Pleasures by little and little abandon us, the sweets of life seeme sowre, and wee can find no other quiet, but in the hope of *that*, which Truth it selfe hath promised us, after so much trouble.

The thought of our end *is a soveraigne* remedie *against our* passions.

Proud Spirits, be ye Spectators of this *Funerall Pompe*, which this great *Monarch* celebrates to day: Hee invites the Heaven and the Earth to his *Exequies*, since in their view hee accompanies

nies his pourtrayed *Skeleton* unto the *Tombe*: his *Body* conducts thither its *shadow*, the originall the *painted* figure in attendance, till a *Metamorphosis* be made both of one and t'other. O *glorious action*! where the *Living* takes a pride to appeare *Dead*, as dying alreadie by his owne choice, as well as neceſſitie. O *glorious action*! where the Triumpher takes a glory in the appearance of his overthrow. O *glorious action*! where all the honour depends upon the contempt of the worlds honour. O *glorious action*! where Garlands of *Cypreſſe* diſpute the preheminence with *Laurell* and *Palme*. O *glorious action*! where the Conquerour under-going the Lawes of Nature, elevates himſelfe above it, making his puiſſance to be admired, in his voluntarie weakeneſſe. *But I engage my ſelfe too farre in't.*

Herodotus remarkes, that the Queene *Semiramis* made her *Sepulcher* be erected upon the entrances of the principall Gate of the **Citie*, to the end, that this *ſad* object of *wretchedneſſe* might ſerve for *Schoole-maſter* to paſſengers, to teach them the *Art, to know themſelves.*

* *Babylon.*

O

O *bleſſed Leſſon* is that, which the *Tombes* can affoord us! O *gracious Science* is that, which they inſtruct us!

No better Schoole then the Church-yard.

Strabo teſtifies, that the *Perſians* made Pipes of dead-mens bones, which they uſed at *Feſtivals*; to the end, that the *ſad harmonie* which iſſued thence, might temper the exceſſe of *joy*. But may not we ſay our *Lungs* to be to us ſuch kind of *whiſtles*, and that our *dolorous ſighs*, which produce thence the *harmonie*, are capable to moderate the violence of our *contentments*? A ſtrange thing it is, that all the animated objects, which are affected by our *ſenſes*, beare the *image* of *Death*, and yet wee never thinke but of *Life*. Let our eyes but fairely turne their regards on all ſides, *All that lives*, they may ſee, *dyes*; and what ha's no *life*, paſſes away before 'em. Our eares are tickled with the ſweet harmonie of Voices, or Inſtruments, or Tabors, or Trumpets: But theſe *ſounds* are but Organs ſpirited with *blaſts*, whoſe borrowed wind is loſt, when the motion ceaſeth; and there behold the *Faile* of their *life*. And for *Inſtruments*, 'tis true they warble delightfully, yet their *melodie*

The object of our nothingneſſe ha's a grace and allurement capable to raviſh the beſt ſpirits.

lodie is often *dolefull* to the *mind*, when it conſiders that it proceedes from certaine guts of dead beaſts, which Art hath ſo contrived. *Tabors* being of the ſame nature, muſt alſo neceſſarily produce the ſame effects; and *Trumpets* alſo doe but *ſobbe* in our eares, ſince their *clangor* is forced onely by the violence of a *blaſt* of *ſighs*: Our *Taſte* cannot ſatiate the hunger of its appetite, but with dead and breathleſſe things: and all our other ſenſes are ſubject to the ſame neceſſitie. Inſomuch, that *Death* environs us on all ſides, though we be alwayes her owne, and yet wee *never thinke on't*, but in *extremities*: as if wee were onely to learne at the laſt inſtant, that wee are *Mortall*, and the *hard experience* which wee make on't, were the onely *Leſſon*, which by *Nature* is given us.

Death is ever preſent, and at hand, to our heart, but ſtill abſent from our memorie.

LORD render me capable, if it pleaſe thee, of this *Science*, which may *effectually* teach me the Art, *to know my ſelfe*; to the end, that this knowledge may repreſent to me alwayes the realitie of my wretchedneſſe. Make me that I may ſee my ſelfe, may underſtand and feele my

my selfe *to dye* every *moment*: but so, that I may *see* it with the *eyes* of my *heart*, *perceive* it with the *eyes* of my *soule*, and *feele* it by the *sense* of my *conscience*, therein to finde my repose and safetie. I know well, that Nature mournes unceſſantly the *death* of its workes, which are devoured every houre by *time*; and though no where thus can I see but *Sadneſse* it selfe, yet ne'retheleſſe remaine I insensible of the horrour of these objects; and though they be terrible, my spirit not affrighted. *Render* me therefore, if it please thee, *render me* fearefull, and make me even to tremble in thinking of *it*, since the thought of *it* is so important, and suffer me not to *live a kind of Death*, without meditating of *that life* which is *exempt* from *Death*, and whereof *Eternitie* is the Limit. All my votes doe terminate at *this*, and all my *wiſhes*, which I addreſſe to thy bounty, that I may one day see the effects of my hopes. *Let us advance on our first proposition.*

O how *celebrious*, and glorious is the *Triumph* over our *selves*! Let us leave the

A Man hath no greater enemy then himselfe.

the Laurels, and Palmes to those famous Conquerours of Sea and Land. Their *Crownes* are now metamorphosed into *dust*, their renowne into wind, themselves into corruption, and for a surplusage of mishap after the *conquest* of the whole World, *they dye* in the miseries, whereunto they were borne.

* TOMYRIS.

Cyrus could not bound his Ambition lesse, then to the vast extention of the Universe; and yet a * *simple woman* onely prescrib'd him an allay, and placed his *head* in the range of his owne *Trophies*. *Arthomides* playes *Iupiter* upon Earth, his portraict is the onely Idoll of his subjects: and yet one turne of the wheele casts him a sacrifice upon the same altar, which hee had erected to his Glory, his life glistering with triumphs, but his death in such a ruine, clouded even the memory of his name.

There is nothing more vaine, then Vaine-glory: *'tis a body without* soule *or* life, *having no* subsistance, *but in* Imagination.

All those stately *Triumphers*, of whom *Antiquity* trumpets-out wonders, have had no other recompence of their labours, but this *vaine* conceipt, *that one day men would talke of them*. But what felicity is it to be *praised* in *this* world, to which they are dead, and *tormented* in the

the other, wherein they live even yet, and ever. *I care very little, that men should talke of me after my Death, the esteeme of men is of so small importance, that I would not buy it so deare, as with a wish onely.* It behooves to search reputation in the *puritie* of the *conscience*, if a man would have the glory of it *last* for *ever*. The renowne of a good man is much greater, then that of *Cæsar* or *Alexander*; for this has no other foundation, then the soyle where it was sowed, and where the goodlyest things display themselves like flowers, and like flowers also have but a *morning-flourish*: But the other having for a firme stay *Eternitie*, this object ennobleth it to perfection, and thus desiring nothing else but heaven, it remaines to us at the end for recompence.

The renowne of a good man onely lasts alwayes.

Blondus in his Treatise of *Rome*, in its triumphant glory, reckons up three hundred and twenty triumphs, all remarkable: but where are now these pompes, these magnificences, this infinite number of Trophies, and a thousand other ornaments, which rattled

out their glory. Where are I say these Conquerours? where are their slaves? their Idolaters, their admirers? These pompes have but flash't like lightning, and so passed away with the day, that accompanyed their lustre. These magnificences have beene but seene, and so tooke their passage in flight. These trophies being onely bravadoes of the time, times inconstancy made them vanish in an instant, & all those other *ornaments* made but ostentation of their continuall vicissitude, as being an inseparable accident of their nature. These vanquishers onely had the name on't, since *Death* led them away also in triumph, for all their triumphings. Their *captives* were rather slaves of the miseries whereunto they were borne, then so by the absolute power of him who *captived* thē. Their Idolaters have beene immolated to the fury of yeeres, which spare none; and their admirers have incurred the same fate with the subject, which they admired: Insomuch, that of all together, remaines nothing but a faint remembrance, which as it waxeth old, is effac't by little

'Tis some comfort yet to a wise man, though himselfe fade away, to see that all things else doe so too.

little and little out of memory, and scarcely will it subsist so much in the imagination, as to be in the end buryed among fables. Behold here the *Anatomie* of the glory of the world, see the true portraict of its false Image. *Contemplate*, *meditate*, you will avouch with me, that *All is full of vanitie.*

Since Eternitie *onely triumphs over* Time, *wee should onely strive to attain* that.

O how stately and magnificent is the Triumph of Ages! what trophies may a man see at their ever-rowling Chariot! what Conquerours are not in the number of their subjection? what soveraigne power can resist their violence? what newer Triumph then this of yeares? Who can give in account the number of their victories, and lesse the captives which *Death* serves in for their trophies? What newer triumph againe evermore then of *moneths*, of *dayes*, of *houres*, and *moments*? For consider to your selfe, how many Kings, Princes, and Lords, die in one age in all the places of the world. All these vanquishers are vanquisht, and led in triumph to the grave. Every Yeare makes its conquest a part, gives battell, and carryes away the victory

A righteous man *onely stands exempt from the terror of* death.

over so many, and so many men, that hardly can one conceive so lamentable a truth; Months, Dayes, Houres, and Moments, triumph in their courses; who can number all those who dyed yesterday out-right, or are dead to day? Nay more, how many dye at this *houre*, and at this *very instant*, that I entertaine you with this discourse. And all these defeats of *mortalitie* mark out to us the Triumphs, whereof time onely beares away the glory: But let us not pretend to share in't, 'tis not worthy our Ambition. Let *Ages*, *Yeeres*, *Moneths*, *Dayes*, *Houres*, and *Moments*, triumph over us: Vertue alwayes limits their puissance, and with it wee may prescribe a bound to all these Triumphants. Faire leave may they take to ruinate out-ward beauty, but *that* of innocence is of proofe 'gainst all their strokes. Well may they impaire outward graces; but those of heaven contemne their assaults. No doubt they may change the visage of all the *marvels* of *Art*, and miracles of Nature: Our Resolution is a rocke in midst of all their stormes, and may remaine

A good conscience *is ever under shelter from all the inconstant tempests of* ages.

maine alwayes it selfe without undergoing other rules then its owne. So that thus wee may lead Time it selfe along in triumph, if wee live for nothing more then for *Eternitie.*

I scorne the Tyranny of Ages, my ayme is beyond 'em all. I despise the power of yeeres, my Ambition raignes already out of their reach. Let Months, Dayes, Houres, and Moments, entraile all things along with 'em; I for my part, franchise their carreere, since my scope is much more farther yet. Let them triumph fully, my very defeat shall lead them in triumph at the end of their terme, for the eternity whither I aspire, already assignes out their tombe. *Let us stay no longer in so cragged a way.*

He which lives for eternitie, *dreads no* death.

The Emperour *Trajan* caused his Sepulcher to be enfram'd in the midst of *Rome's* greatest place, as upon a stately Theater, on which his successors were to act their parts. Every man dies for himselfe; *sooner or later wee must arrive to the place, to which unceßantly wee walke.* Be it to morrow, or today, at the end of the terme all's equall.

Seriùs aut citiùs metam properamus ad unam.

Nor old nor yong can marke the difference in their course, being arrived to the end of their carreere, for a hundred Ages when past, and one instant make but the same thing. 'Tis onely necessary to muze of our last gist in the grave, since thither we runne till wee are out of breath, from moment to moment.

Places of buriall *are sad* Theaters, *where every day are* acted *none but* Tragedies.

The *Trojans* would have the burying-places of their Princes to be in the most remarkable place of the City, to the end, that this sad object might serve as a fixt *Memento* to remembrance them, that the Tragedie, which had beene acted by these yesterday, might againe be represented by some other to day.

The Philosophers know that objects move the faculties, and that according to the quality of their impressions, they worke upon the spirits, which contemplate them. Let us say now, that of all the direfull objects, which are presented to our eyes, there is none more powerfull o're our apprehensions, then this of *Meditation* of *Death*, and the horrour of the grave.

The

The moſt couragious yeeld themſelves to theſe aſſaults, the moſt valiant reſiſt nor their violences. All droop at approach of an enemy ſo redoubtable. But our defeat, if rightly carryed, is more glorious then our Triumph. What ſucceſſe is this, by being overcome, to beare away the crowne of victory? ſuch ſubmiſſion is a marke of Soveraignety.

Petrus Gregorius tells us of the Emperour *Charles* the fift, that hee cauſed his winding head-kercher to be carryed before him for a ſtandard in all his Armyes, ſix yeeres before he dyed, to the end, that the continuall object of his greatneſſe, might not be too powerfull to tempt him to miſconceive himſelfe.

If the meditation of death *make not a ſinner change his* life, *nothing will doe it.*

We doe the ſame every day, without thinking on't, for our *ſhirts* are in a manner as ſo many *winding-ſheetes*, which wee carry alwayes with us in all places where we goe: But if this ſad object be not enough to moderate our ambition, and rebate our vanity, this voluntaty is inſeparable from paine, we muſt needs undergoe the Law,

which wee impoſe upon our ſelves.

'Tis beſt to let Death *be welcome to us, ſince 'tis inevitable.*

LORD ſuffer me not, if it pleaſe thee, ſo farre to miſtake my ſelfe, as never to come to the point of meditating of this bleſſed Decree, which thou haſt impoſed on me, to dye one day. But illuminate my ſpirit with the light of thy grace, which may ſtead me as a *Pharos*, to ſhew me the haven of the *grave*, where the ſhip of my life muſt put aſhore. Make me alſo, if it pleaſe thee, to be ignorant of all things elſe, but the knowledge to live *well*, that I may alſo *dye ſo*; and thus, let the miſeries which accompany me, the miſhaps that follow me, and all the other afflictions which thy goodneſſe hath ſubjected me to, be the ordinary objects of my thoughts, to the end, that I ſtray not from the way of my ſalvation. And now have have I no other paſſion, but to ſee the effects of theſe prayers. *Let us goe to the end.*

The Combat *ought alwayes to precede the* Victorie, *and the* Victorie *the* Triumph.

Thoſe that have averred, that the world is to us an hoſtile Army, compoſed of ſo many Souldiers as there are objects in nature, capable to agi-

tate

tate the power of our passions, had very good reasons to defend the truth of their *Thesis*. These objects of it make warre against us continually, with all the assaults, inventions, and stratagems of a cruell enemy. *Beautie*, that assaults our soules, by the way of our eyes, with as much cunning as force; for at first view, it amuseth the *Sence* with admiration, by a slight of complacence, to which its sweets and allurements insensibly engage it. Afterwards the *Sensus Communis*, receiving the faire *Species* of the *Idea* of this faire enemie, presents them to the *Fancie*, the *Fancie* to the *Vnderstanding*, which after it hath examined them according to its capacitie, offers them to the *will*, which by a naturall apprehension, findes it selfe obliged to love the subject from whence these amiables doe proceed. And now then it is the *Cue* of Reason, ether to condemne or authorize this Love; but most often that becomes charmed it selfe, and wee vanquish't. Not that Reason is not sufficiently strong and powerfull, but whereas its force and vertue depends

Our passions are the flatteringst enemies of the world, for they assault us with those semblant satisfactions to us, as may seeme most agreeable; and thus they are most to be feared.

pends meerely upon grace, the contempt which ordinarily it makes of this, renders both alike unprofitable. This is that which obliges us in all these conflicts, to implore the helpe of heaven, rather then to trust upon our strengths, and evermore to have a jealous eye to this our subtile enemie, which yet can never get other advantage upon us, then that which our wretchlesnesse suffers it to acquire.

We cannot justly complaine of our defeat, since 'tis voluntarie.

The very fairest objects of the world, may well enforce admiration, but not love, since love cannot be formed in our hearts, but by a powerfull reflexion of the amiable qualities which are found in the subject, and in this it is necessary, that the understanding doe operate, and the will consent. And this cannot be done without a free deliberation, which wee absolutely authorize. Insomuch, that we cannot be overcome, if we rush not into't with desire of our owne overthrow. And this not so neither, as if there were no trouble in the resistance; but rather 'tis a way to acquire much more glory in the victory over beauteous objects,

objects, by the power of reason, which is more troublesome and difficult, then that which one gets o're an enemy by force of armes. But the honour also surpasseth alwayes the difficulty, and what paine soever a man can possibly take, the Prize and Crowne at last can admit of no comparison.

The rewards which God hath prepared after all our troubles, are infinitely surpasse our deserts.

Wee must then bravely combate those proud *beauties*, which make publick profession to enchaine our *hearts* in irons, and put our soules upon the rack, and let them see, to their confusion, that the naturall Magicke of their charmes is to us a new Art of Logicke, which informes us to make Arguments, both to give for granted their power, and yet destroy their force. Faire leave have they to *expose to view* their blandishments, and graces: the light of *Reason* producerh a livelyer Day, whose luster duskes the midday-splendour; for by the ayde of this light a man may see, that all their quaintnesses are but dawbings, their delicacies but artifice, and their attractives, but onely composed by distillatories. And how can one Idolatrize them then,

then, after meditationall presentment of these verities? Behold the onely meanes to prescribe a rule over these Soveraignes, who would impose it on the whole world. Not that this kind of combate requires force of courage, but rather of prudence, after first a mispriſe of them to fly away; and not to put the victory into hazard.

He commands best, that can obey reason.

There are yet other enemies, which render themselves as redoutable as the former, such are *Ambition*, *riches*, &c. what meanes is there to resist them, or to speake better, to vanquish them? they have no lesse allurements, and sweets, then the *beauties* afore-spoken of, and though the force of them be different, they cease not ne'retheleſſe, to excite and move the passions with all sort of violence.

Ambition ha's its particular delicacies, and charmes, to ravish mens hearts, and soveraignize o're their soules; and I beleeve, that its Empire extends it selfe farre beyond that of *Love:* for all the world is not capable of this latter *passion*, but of the *other* every man has a smatch from that defect,

fect, from our originall; wherewith a man is tainted. And this paſſion is ſo much the more to be feared, as it is naturall, and growing up with us in meaſure as wee grow our ſelves. The meanes to vanquiſh it, is to ſtudy to *know ones-ſelfe*, and thus plainely to ſee the frailty of our foundation.

Vanitie *is bred and borne with us, but 'tis in our choiſe, whether to let it ever keepe us companie.*

What *Ambition* can a man have, that knowes the number of the greateſt part of the miſeries and miſhaps which accompanie his life? To what can he pretend, being not able to diſpoſe of one onely moment? Nay, what can he wiſh for beyond himſelfe, ſince for any long time together, hee ha's not ſtrength enough to looke downe to his owne feete? What high ayme can hee give his deſignes, ſince all his thoughts, his deſires, and hopes, have their limited ſcope beyond his power, as depending upon the *Future*, whereof hee cannot diſpoſe. All lyes then in this, to know our ſelves, that is, to conſider the certainetie thus ſenſible, both of our defects and infirmities.

'Tis the beſt myſterie *of all humane* Trade, *to learne to* die *dayly, and in this* Vocation *they that are active* apprentiſes, *are* Maſters.

The Paſſion for Riches is alwayes extreame,

extreame, allowing no moderation in our hearts. 'Tis a kind of hydropicke maladie, wherein thirſt increaſeth the more one drinks. A rich man of ten thouſand pounds a yeere, wiſheth thirtie thouſand, and if perhaps hee ſee the effects of his deſires, hee ſoone conceives *new ones*, being never able to find content in the enjoyment of the goods which hee already poſſeſſeth.

That temperament of ſpirit, which Philoſophie teacheth us to live *content* in, whatſoever condition a man is in, is a vertue ſo chaſt, that it ſuffers it ſelfe to be poſſeſt by no body in this age, wherein wee are, not that a man cannot enjoy it, but 'tis to be ſought in the purity of the conſcience, rather then in the world, where it is unknowne but onely barely in name.

The true knowledge of Vertue, *would ſoone inſinuate its* love.

This greedy paſſion of heaping treaſure upon treaſure, is ſo proper to our criminall and corrupt nature, that a man cannot guard himſelfe from it, without a ſpeciall helpe from *Heaven*. Since that robbery, which our *firſt Parents* made in the terreſtriall Paradiſe,

dise, all our thoughts and hopes are so theeviſh, that they would rob the future of those goods, which we wish for then, making no esteeme of those which wee already possesse; our hearts sigh unceſſantly with impatience, in attendance of a new acquiſt. What remedy now is there to cure so contagious a malady, whose inſenſible dolour makes us often contemne a remedy? what meanes I say, to triumph over a passion so strong and puiſſant, and to which our nature it selfe lends a hand? 'Tis certainely an action of study, where reason with time must get the advantage. It is neceſſary to conſider every time that this desire to amaſſe riches, doth presse and force us; what shall we doe with all these *treaſures*, after wee have heapt them up? To leave them to our *heires*, it is to make them rich with our owne losse, which they too perhaps will laugh at, in the poſſeſſion. 'Tis I say, to damne our selves for others profit, as if we had never lived for our selves. To carry them into the grave with us, is to have laboured for wormes: what shall then become on 'em? Wee must of neceſſity leave them behind.

Poverie of ſpirit is the greateſt riches.

'Tis the best providence in this world, to lay up treasures for t'other.

O cruell necessity! but yet most sweet and pleasing in its continuall meditation, since it teaches us to under-value all that may be lost.

There are a great number of other Passions, which may master us with the same violence, according to the disposition of the predominating humour which possesseth us; such are *Choler*, *Envie*, *Detraction*, *&c.* but with the only force of Reason, assisted with the usuall grace, which concurres in all good actions, we may easily be able to triumph over them.

We reade of *Pyrander* King of *Egypt*, that being one day in choler against one of his slaves, he heard a clap of thunder so terrible, that he became suddenly quite appeased; as if he had had this thought, that the Gods were angry with his fury, since they clamoured louder then hee. Let us have often the same thoughts, but with more truth and illumination, every time that this blind passion would exercise over us its tyrannie. My meaning is, that in the violentest heat of our choler, wee lend an eare of imagination to the noise of the thunder of divine

vine Justice, that thus we may be appeased at the same time, *for what ground have we to be armed with fury, against our neighbours, when heaven is animated with iust vengeance against our selves?*

'Tis a good method first to feare God, then to love him.

The Passion of *Envy* as blacke as hell, & the most criminal of all together proceeds from an invenomed mischievousnes, to which nature contributes nothing at all. 'Tis a devillish pasion, whose fury & rage keepes the soule in fetters, and whose theevish jealousie robs away the goods of others in a hounding after 'em, & yet possesses none of 'em. What meanes is there then to vanquish this untameable vice? No other but this, to consider the Justice of that *adorable Providence* which imparts never its favours and graces, but with weight & measure. *God cannot doe but iustly, since his Iustice is no other then himselfe.* Then if this man have 10000 pounds a yeere, and I but a 100, whereof can I complaine? shall I doubt the reason from Reason it selfe? shall I accuse Justice of Injustice? To take for granted, that the Soveraigne of all does what hee will, and the Almighty what he pleaseth, I will alwayes relye to that

Envious men are most their owne enemies, and rob themselves of the owne quiet

O ballance

ballance, which God beares in his hand, and by which himselfe weigheth his actions to the poize of his will, and consequently to the measure of his Justice. What objection can be made against this truth?

The envious man *is never in* health, *tortured with the* Hectick Feaver *of this ever-burning* passion.

Envious *Maligner*, *adore that*, which thou can'st not *comprehend*, and then instead of pining for the goods, which thou enjoyest not; give thankes to heaven for those which thou possessest, and how small someever they be, they are ever great enough to amuze thee all thy life-long to the study of thankefull acknowledgment.

The Passion of *Detraction* is easily overcome by a fresh consideration of our owne proper defects, *for of all the* Vices *whereof wee accuse one another, our hearts may convince us.* If I call a man theefe, am not I a greater theefe then hee, since against the Lawes of charity I rob him of his honour by this injury? Suppose he be a false villaine, yet in calling him by this name, I betray the secret, which his fault should in charity impose upon me. But if he be nothing so; loe I my selfe am now

a Traytor both at once of his reputation, and mine owne conscience. There is no fault more unpardonable, then this of *Obloquie*, and in regard that for a just expiation of the crime, it is fitting that the tongue which did the hurt, should give the remedy.

'Tis more important to learne to hold one's peace, then to hold up the talke.

Thou *Detractour*, if thou canst not moderate thy passion, speake ill onely of thy selfe, *Study* thine owne vices, *Meditate*, thine owne faults, and *Accuse* thy selfe of them before heaven, which is already witnesse of thy crimes; and by this way of reproaching, thou shalt obtaine one day to be praised eternally. *Behold mee now at the end of the Chapter.*

He which often muses of Death, *will every day learne to* live well.

After all these particular remedies with which a man may learne easily to resist the tyranny of the Passions, there is none more soveraigne then this of the *Meditation* of *Death*. All the rest abbut at this onely, as the most authorized, by daily experience.

Great Kings, suffer your selves to be led in triumph by your owne thoughts to the grave, and by the way consider how your greatnesses, your riches,

your delights, and all the magnificence of your Court, follow you ſtep by ſtep, being brought along by the ſame fate, whoſe abſolute Tyranny ſpares none. And ſince you may *dye every houre*, think at the leaſt ſometimes of this *truth*, to the end that *that houre* of your lifes dy-all *ſurprize* you not. Much good doe't you to nouriſh up your ſelves delicioufly, yet all theſe *Viands* wherewith you repaſt your ſelves *are empoyſoned*, as containing in'em the **foure contrary qualities*, whoſe diſcord puts into skirmiſh your humours, and *this battell* is an infallible preſage of your overthrow: wel may you chaſe away *Melancholy*, by vertue of freſh *pleaſures*, theſe *very contentments cheat away your life*, for though you thinke of nothing but how to paſſe away the *time*, it *paſſes* ere you think on't, & *Death* comes before you have forſeen his arrivall. Well may you cocker up your bodyes, content your ſenſes, and ſatiate the appetite of your deſires: the Taper of your life has its limited courſe, as well as that of the day. Every man purſues his carreere, according to the inviolable Lawes of hea-

ven,

* Caliditas, Frigiditas, Humiditas, Siccitas.

Pleaſures *make us grow* old, *as well as* griefes.

ven, which hath asigned 'em out at once, both the way, and the bounds. Suffer *Time* to lead you by the hand to the *Tombe*, for feare he hale you thither. But in dying muze at least of that *Life*, which never shall have end. All the felicities which you have possest, are vanished with the flower of your age, and all those which you will yet enjoy, will flye away with the rest. What will remaine with you then, at the last instant of your life, but an irksome remembrance, to have tasted a thousand pleasures, which are past, and to have lost so many meanes of having had others, which would have lasted eternally. *Disinvest* your selves then, for one houre every day, of all your greatnesse, and in the presence of your owne selves, meaning in review of all your miseries, & mishaps, which are proper to you, *confesse the truth of your nullitie*, and of your *corruption*; by this search you shall recover your selves, and *by this confession thus shall you Triumph o're your selves.*

Fata volentem ducunt, nolentem trahunt.

Those pleasures *cost very* deare, *which are worth nothing but* repentance.

A PROLVSION upon the EMBLEME of the last Chapter.

Viewing the Ranges of a Librarie
Of Dead-men's bones pil'd in a Cœmitarie,
Great ALEXANDER *findes* Diogenes,
And thus they Dialogue.

Alex. Cynick, *among these*
Ruines of fraile Mortalitie, *what do'st looke?*

Diog. *For that, wherein I feare to be mistooke,*
I seeke thy Father PHILIP'S *Scull among*
This pell-mell undistinguishable Throng.

Alex. *Let's see, which is it? shew me.* (Diog.) *Sure 'tis* that,
Whose nose is bridge-falne.

Alex. *Dead-men's all are flat.*

Diog. *Why then 'tis that where shrowds perpetuall night,*
Cav'd in those hollow eye-holes, *void of sight.*

Alex. *Still all are so,*

Diog. *Why 'tis yon' skinlesse brow,*
Chap-falne, lip-sunke, with teeth-disranked row,
Yond' peeled scalpe

Alex. *Thus still all are alike.*

Diog. So *shall both* You *and* I, *and let this strike,*

Twixt

'Twixt King *and slave once Dead's no difference.*
Thy knowledge ALEXANDER, *and* Thy *sence,*

L'envoy.

THere is no diff'rence, *Death* hath made
Equall'the *Scepter*, and the *Spade*.
Noe Dreader *Majestie* is now
I'th' Royall *Scalp*, then *Rustick* brow.
Faire *NEREVS* has no beauteous grace,
More then *Therſites'* ugly face,
Now *both* are dead, odds there is none
Betwixt the *fair'ſt*, and *fowleſt One*.
Tell me among'ſt the hudled pile
Of *Dead-mens bones*, which was ere while
The ſubtil'ſt *Lawyer's*, or the Dull
And *Ignoramian* Empty Skull?
Was yond' ſome valourous *Samſons* arme?
Or *one* that ne're drew *ſword* for harme.
Or winke and tell me, which is which,
Irus the poore, or *Crœſus* rich?
What are they now, who ſo much ſtood
On *Riches*, *Honours*, and high *Blood*?
Ther's now no Diffrence, with the *Dead*
Diſtinctions all are buryed,
Onely the Soule as *Ill*, or *well*,
Is *Diffrenc't* or in *Heaven*, or *Hell*.

Mors ſceptra ligonibus æquat. Hor.

Alexander, *and* Diogenes *discoursing among the* Sepulchers *of the* Dead, *the* Cynick *tells the* King, *That in the* Graue, Monarchs *and* Meaner Men *are all alike.*

THE MIRROVR WHICH FLATTERS NOT.

CHAP. IV.

WHat a horrid ſpectacle is this? what a frightfull object? See you not this great number of *Dead Mens ſculls*, which heap'd one upon another, make a mountaine of horrour, and affright, whoſe balefull, and contagious umbrage, inſenſibly invites our bodies on to the grave. What a *victorie* is this over theſe? but what an inhumanitie? what a deſeate? but what a butchery. May wee not ſay, that fury and rage, have

Death *is a severe* Iudge, *and pardons none.*

have assassinated, even Natures-selfe, and that we now alone remaine in the world, to celebrate its funerals by our lamentations, and regreets. *Fathers*, *Mothers*, *Children*, *Nobles*, and *Plebeians*, *Kings*, and their *subjects* are all pell-mell in this stacke of rotten wood, which Time like a covert, but burning fire consumes by little and little, not able to suffer, that *ashes* should be exalted above *dust*.

Proud Spirits, behold here the dreadfull reverse of the medall. All these sad objects of mortality, and yet actively animated, with horror & affright, by their own silence enjoyne the *same* to you thus to amuze your Spirits in the contemplation of their deplorable ruines. If you be *rich*, See here those, who have *possessed* the greatest treasures of the world, are *not now worth* the marrow of their owne bones, whereof the wormes have already shared the spoyle. If you be *happy*; The greatest favorites of fortune, are reduced to the same *noysomnesse* as you see the filth that enrounds them. If you be *valiant*, *Hector*, and *Achilles*, are thus here overcome, behold the shamefull

shamefull markes of their overthrow. If you be men of *Science*, *Here lyes the most learned of the world.* 'Tis the *Epitaph* on their tombe, *Reade it.*

Death *may be* contemned, *but not* avoided.

I grant more-over, you may be the *greatest Princes* of the earth. An infinite number of your companions are buried under these corrupted ruines. Suppose in fine, that your Soveraignety did extend it selfe over all the Empire of the world; A thousand and a thousand too of your *semblables*, have now nothing more their owne, then that *corruption*, which devoures, even to the very bones.

Ambitious Heart, see here a *Mirrour which flatters not*, since it represents to the life the reality of thy *miseries*. Well maist thou perhaps pretend the conquest of the Universe; even those, who have borne away that universall Crowne, are now *crowned*, but with *dust*, and *ashes*.

Covetous wretch, behold the booke of thy accounts, calculate all that is due to thee, after payment of thy debts: learne yet after all this, that thy *soule* is already *morgaged* to devils, thy *body* to wormes,

'Tis no wonder the Miser *ne're thinks of* Death, *his thoughts are onely taken up for this* Life.

wormes, and thus, notwithstanding all thy treasures, there will not abide with thee one haire upon thy head, one tooth in thy chops, nor one *drop* of blood in thy veynes, nor ne're so little *marrow* in thy bones, nay the very memory of thy *being*, would be *extinguish't* if thy crimes did not render it *eternall*, both here, and in the torments of hell.

Pride is but like the noone-flourish of a flower, which at Sunset *perisheth.*

Proud arrogant man, measure with thy bristled browes, the dilatation of the earth, *Brave* with thy menacing regards the heavens, and the starres. These *mole-hills* of rottennesse, whereof thy *carkasse* is shap't, prepare toward the tombe of thy vanity. These are the shades of *Death* inseparable from thy *body, since it dyes every houre.* If thou elevate thy selfe to day, even to the clouds; to morrow thou shalt be debased to nothing. But if thou doubt of this truth, behold here a thousand witnesseswhich have made experience of it.

Seneca Epist.

Quotidie morimur, quotidie enim demitur aliqua pars vitæ.

Luxurious Wanton, give thy body a prey to voluptuousnesse, deny nothing to thy pleasures; but yet consider the horrour, and dreadfulnesse of that *Metamorphosis*, when thy *flesh* shall be turned

ned to *filth*, and even *that* to wormes, and those still to *fresh ones*, which shall devoure even thy *coffin*, and so efface the very *last* markes of thy *Sepulture*.

How remarkable is the answere of Diogenes *to* Alexander? What art thou musing on, *Cynicke*, says this *Monarch* to him one day, having found him in a *Charnell-yard*, I amuze my selfe here (answers he) in search of thy father *Philips* bones among this great number, which thou see'st; but my labour is in vaine, for *one differs not from another*.

Great Kings, the discusse of this answer, may serve you now as a fresh instruction, to insinuate to you the knowledge of your selves. You walke in triumph to the Tombe, followed with all the traine of your ordinary magnificences: but being arrived at this Port, blowne thither with the continuall gale of your sighs, your *pompe vanisheth* away, your *Royall Majestie* abandons you, your greatnesse gives you the *last Adieu*, and this your mortall fall *equals you now*, to all that were below you. The dunghill of your body, hath no preheminence above others, unlesse it be in a *worse de-*

gree

Corruptio optimi pessima.

gree of rottennesse, as being of a *matter more disposed to corruption*: But if you doubt of this truth, behold and contemplate the deplorable estate, to which are reduced your semblables. Their *bald scalps* have now no other *Crowne*, then the *circle of horrour*, which environes them; their *disincarnated hands* hold now no other *Scepter*, but a *pile* of *worms*; and all these wretchednesses together, give them to see a *strange change*, from what they were in all the *gloryes* of their *Court*. These palpable and sensible objects, are witnesses not to be *excepted against*. Let then your soules *submit* to the experiment of your senses.

The serious meditation of his miserable condition, *is capable to make any man* wise.

But what a *Prodigie* of wonder's here! doe I not see, the great Army of *Xerxes*, reduced and metamorphosed into a handfull of *dust*? *All that world* of men in those dayes, which with its umbragious body, covered a great part of the earth, shades not so much as a *foot on't* with its presence. *Be never weary* of *thinking of these important truths.*

In Hercule Oetæo.

Seneca in the Tragedie of *Hercules* brings in *Alcmena*, with grievous lamentation, bearing in an *urne*, the *ashes* of that

that great *Monster-Tamer*; And to this effect makes her speake; *Behold, how easily I carry him in my hand, who bore the Heavens upon his shoulders.* The sense of these wordes, ought to engage our spirits to a deepe meditation upon the vanity of things, which seeme to us most durable. All those great Monarchs who sought an *immortalitie* in their victories and triumphs, have miss't that, and found *Death* at last, the enjoyment of their Crownes and splendours, being buried in the same *Tombe* with their bodyes. *See here then a new subject of astonishment.*

Ecce vix totam *Herculis* Complevit urnam, quàm leve est pondus mihi, Cui totus æther pondus incubuit leve?

The Mathematicians give this Axiome, All lines drawne from the Center to the Circumference are equall. *Kings* & *Princes*, abate your haughtines, your *subjects* march fellow-like with you to the *Center* of the *grave*. If life gave you preheminence; *Death* gives them now *equality*. There is now no place of affectation, or range to be disputed: the heap of your ashes, and their dust, make together but one *hillocke* of mould, whose infection is a horrour to me. *I am now of humour not to flatter you a whit.*

The world is a Game *at* Chesse, *where every of the* Sett *ha's his particular* Name *and* Place *designed: but the* Game *done, all the* Pieces *are pell-mell'd into the* Bagge: *and even so are all* mortals *into the* grave.

Wee

We read of the *Ethiopians*, that they buryed their Kings in a kind of Leſtall: and I conceive there of no other reaſon, then according to the nature of the ſubject, they joyned by this action, the ſhadow and the ſubſtance, the effect with the cauſe, the ſtreame with its ſource; for what other thing are we then a maſſe of mire, dryed and bak'd by the fire of life; but ſcattered againe and diſſolv'd by the Winter of *Death*; and in that laſt putrefaction, to which *Death* reduceth us, the filth of our bodyes falls to the durt of the earth, as to its center, for ſo being conceived in corruption, let us not thinke ſtrange to be buryed in rottenneſſe.

'Tis well men hide themſelves after death in the Earth, *or the encloſure of* Tombes, *their filth and noyſomneſſe would elſe be too diſcovert.*

Earth, duſt, and aſhes, remaine ſtill the ſame, be it in a *veſſell* of *gold*, or in a coffin of *wood*, or in a *Mauſolean Tombe* of marble. *Great Kings*, well may you cover your wretchednеſſe, with a magnificent Sepulcher, they will for all this *not alter condition*, the noyſomneſſe of your bones is never without the abhorrement, and putrefaction proper to them. And if (ſuppoſe) their maſſe

masse be reduced into dust, and the wind carry it away, the very wings of the wind are laden with rottennesse, and can scatter nothing else in a thousand places, where ere they fall. *I will a little straggle out the way without loosing my ayme.*

Fabius Paulus reports, that upon the Tombe of *Isocrates*, there was a *Syren* seated upon a *Ram*, and holding a *Harp* in her hand. And this gave to understand, That this *famous Orator* charmed mens soules through their eares, by the sound of his admirable *eloquence*. But whereas no melodious *ayre* was heard from the *mute* Harp of this *Syren*, it was required of the *Spectators*, to take for granted in imagination, the harmony of her sweet touches, as *embleme* of the sweetnesse of this great *Orators voyce*: But *Death imposeth silence on both*, and thus remained they a sad sight, both in object, and mysteries contained under; since now of these passages remaines no more but a weake remembrance, and whereof Time by little, and little effaceth even the *Ideas*.

How unsufferable is the vanity of men, who even in their Tombes, will have the display of their vaine glory.

Iohannes Baptista Fontanus relates, that

upon the Sepulcher of *Q. Martius* there was graven a *Ramme* supported upon the two fore-feet, and a *Hare dead* by its side. The *Ramme* represented the generosity of this great *Captaine* in all combats, and the *dead Hare*, his *vanquisht* enemies: But what honour now remaines him after their defeat? This vanquisher of an infinite number of miserable wretches, is at the last overcome with his owne miseries. Though Triumphant in a thousand combats, *one marble Stone now containes all his trophies*, and glory. O deplorable fate! to have but seven foot-earth, after conquest of the greatest part of the earth.

Plutarch assures us, that upon the Tombe of *Alexander*, there was represented in Embleme *Asia*, and *Europe*, appearing vanquisht, and in the chaines of their captivity, with this *mot*, which served as a fresh *Trophy*, *The victorie of Alexander*. O poore victorie! O sorry triumph! for where are now its Laurels, and Palms? *This great Monarch* conquered the whole world, but being never able to conquer

conquer his *ambition*, *This* in the end, hath taken away all the glory, which it made him acquire. *Great Princes*, advance then on to the conquest of the *Vniverse*, but I advertise you one thing, All those that are returned from the same action, have much repented themselves, to have taken so great paynes for so small a matter. * *The Game's not worth the Candle*, as the *Proverb*. But if you love to Conquer, and triumph; your passions will furnish you with such subject every houre. *Let's once see the end of our carriere.*

The mispriſe of the world is more glorious then all its honours.

* Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.

We read of *Cyrus*, that he caus'd to be engraven these words upon the stone of his Monument, *HERE LYES THE CONQVEROVR OF THE PERSIANS*. But what excesse of mishap could have reduced so great a Monarch to such an excesse of wretchednesse, must it be said? *Here lyes*, of one that lately *stood* so triumphant? Would hee have men admire his past glory in view of that vault, where he was enterred? would he have men adore the magnificences of his Life upon the same *Altar*, where *Death*

exhibits him as a *victime?* Is not this a vanity more worthy of compassion, then envy?

The *History* of the life of *Themistocles* was to be read upon the marble of his Sepulcher, but 'twas forgotten, there to depaint also the story of his *Death. Behold the high deeds of Themistocles*, this was the inscription. But to us it may be of importance to consider, that although the wonders, which he had done, were onely graven upon the port of his Monument, yet for all that, they also made their entrie into it, and followed the fate of their author: so that now rests nothing of *Themistocles*, but *Name*, for of all that hee hath done, the wind hath carryed away the glory, and the small remembrance on't, which sticks by us, is but a portraict of *vanitie*.

'Tis but a poore satisfaction to, have for recompence of so much paines, but the ostentation of a glorious Sepulcher.

There was represented upon the Tombe of *Ioshua*, the *Sunne* with this inscription. *Sunne stand thou still upon Gibeon.* True it is, the Sunne stood still in the mid'st of his carreere, to give full Triumph to this great Captaine over his enemies: But after *they* were over-

Iosh. 10. 12.

overthrowne, this *Planet* jealous of his glory conducts him also to his grave, as not enduring to see any thing upon earth, as durable as it selfe. So true it is, that *all things here flit away, with the swiftnesse of a Torrent*; though their flight to us seeme much more slow.

There is no course swifter, then that of Life *to* Death.

The *Epitaph*, which some *writings report us of *Adam*, has not so much splendour and magnificence, as the others. *Hee is Dead*, sayes his Epitaph, speaking onely of him. O excellent Epitaph! Men shall say no more of you one day, *Great Kings*. Well may you with *Q. Martius* come off victorious from all combats, and enter in triumph into Cities with *Alexander*. Well may you cause to be insculp't the History of your *Acts*, upon the marble of your Sepulchers, like as *Themistocles*; and may you *Sub-pœna* the *Sun* for a witnesse of the reality of your triumphs, like *Ioshuah*: Yet for all this, men shall say no more of you, then was said of *ADAM*, *HEE IS DEAD*. *They are dead*, and there is all.

* Sit fides penes Authorem.

The Epitaph of *David* composed

by some, from consequence of Scripture, is worthy remarke: *Here lyes the invincible Monarch, who in his child-hood o'recame Beares, in his adolescency Lyons, in his youth Gyants, and in his age himselfe. Travellour envie not his repose, for thou art in the way to it thy selfe.* These words are expresse in a neere regard to the sense of those, which are couch't in *Scripture* upon this subject, and I thereto can adde no more then this discurse of my astonishment, and rapture.

What! so great a Prince as *David*, favoured by heaven, and redoubted upon earth, and so endowed by Nature, shall he glympse out a little but like a flash of lightning, and passe away like a puffe of wind? where then shall a man find constancy and assurance? What can be the site and foundation of all these our new wonders of the world, whose beauty seemes to contest for luster with the very Sunne? *O LORD, to me it is a most agreeable consolation, to see in my race to the tombe, how all things follow me.* I am well apayd, that there is nothing here below *durable,*

Inconstancy is the onely foundation of created things.

ble, but *thy word* alone, since this makes me hope for an *Eternitie*, which shall never be subject to the inconstancy of times. Let all things *LORD* change with me, and thus I love this change, for in rowling along, from time to time toward the grave, *I still approach towards thee*, and consequently to my soveraigne repose, and last felicitie. *Let us follow our first traces.*

The first Epitaph which was put upon Tombes, was that of the faire *RACHEL*, as is partly remark't from Scripture, and *Borchardus* assures us it was a *Pyramide*, which *Iacob* erected, sustained upon a dozen precious stons, with this inscription, Gen. 35. 20.

HERE LYES BEAVTIE AND LOVE.

Ladyes, let your sweetnesse and blandishments now change language, and let 'em tell us no more that you are faire, since *Beautie* is buried in the Tombe of the faire *Rachel*: But if you make *bravado* of your crisped haires, whose glistering charmes dazle the eyes, & captivate mens soules at once:

Her bright lockes diſperſed into a thouſand golden wreaths, had the power to enchaine mens hearts, and yet her vertue was to deſpiſe this power. But for all this, notwithſtanding Nature was never able to exempt from rottenneſſe this *Miſtris*, or *Maſter-piece* of the workes of her hands. Suppoſe that Majeſtie it ſelfe, has no better *Mirrour* then from the cleere reflections of your ivorie fore-heads: *Rachels* was ſo perfect, that 'tis in vaine to ſeeke termes to expreſſe its accuratneſſe, and yet now 'tis nothing but aſhes, if ſo much.

Ladyes, if you be faire to day, there is a to-morrow when you ſhall not.

Let your Eyes (ſuppoſe) be more cleere and beautifull then the Sunne, able to make a rape upon mens liberties, and enamourate the ſterneſt hearts: thoſe of *Rachel* were ſo admirable and bewitching, that ſhe her ſelfe redoubred their force and power. Looking her ſelfe in a Mirrour, her owne eyes enflamed her, and of this pleaſing heate, ſhee apprehended the influence, being her ſelfe even tempted to deſire it: But for all this, thoſe two ſparkling wonders, quickned with

All the tenures of bodily perfections are held of time, whoſe inconſtancy ſteales away to them every moment.

Natures

Natures sweeteſt, and moſt aymiable graces, are now nothing but rottenneſſe and corruption.

Be your Cheeks halfe Lilyes, halfe Roſes, your lippes Carnation-Gilly-flowers, your teeth Orient Pearle, your boſome pureſt Alabaſter, and all theſe lovely parts enlivened with a ſpirit divine: faire *Rachel* poſſeſt all theſe perfections ſoveraignely, and more then e're you ſaw, or wiſht, as elevated above your knowledge. But (*O miſhap*) ſhe herſelfe, in whom all theſe rare beauties were united, and aſſembled, is now no more ought at all; or if ſhe be ſomewhat, it can be but a little duſt, and earth, and aſhes, which the wormes keepe poſſeſſion of in depoſite. *O fearefull metamorpkoſis.*

Every thing fades ſooner in us, then vanity and ſinne.

Ladyes, will you yet preſume your ſelves faire, after you have thus now aſſiſted in imagination and thought, to the funerals of *Beautie* it ſelfe after you have read, I ſay, the Epitaph, which Truth it ſelfe hath written upon her Sepulture. I grant you have a thouſand ſweets, and graces: yet now at

at leaſt confeſſe yee, that theſe blandiſhments are but of ſo thinne aeriall worths, that the wind carryes them away, as if they were compoſed of nought elſe; for ſcarcely have they birth, but you ſee them decay, and then the miſpriſe, that each one makes of them, renders 'em more capable to produce pity then love.

'Tis remark't, in the life of the happy *Francis Borgia*, of the Societie of the Jeſuites, that being engaged in the world to ſeeke a fortune, although the greatneſſe of his birth, and merits, were of very great conſideration; the Emperour *Charles* the fifth committed to his charge the dead body of his deare Spouſe, to be conducted and carryed to the Sepulcher of her anceſtours, which he vndertooke, holding for an exceſſe of honour the commandement which hee had received, and the particular choiſe which his Majeſtie had made of his perſon. But then, when being arrived to the place, where were to be performed the laſt Exequies of this Princeſſe, they were deſirous to viſit the corps, accor-

according to the ordinary formallities accuſtomed to be practiſed in an action ſo important. Never was ſeene ſo much horrour, and diſmay, as upon overture of the Coffin, on the countenances of the Spectators. They looke for the body of this Princeſſe in his preſence, and 'tis not to be found, for none can know it: her viſage heretofore full of blandiſhments, and all the graces, both of Majeſtie, and ſweetneſſe is now but a heap of filth, whereof the worms in ſwarms, and ſtill encreaſing, *keepe the Court* of guard upon the putrefaction. And the reſt of her body is ſtill a freſh ſtocke for theſe vermine, who have now already reaſonably well ſatisfied their hunger with this prey.

There is no object more affrightfull then mortall miſerie, but the daily habit of our ſad experiences, takes away the horrour.

Even thoſe that enwrap't this Princeſſe in her winding linnen, dare not maintaine twas ſhee, and hee to whoſe care the body was depoſited, knowes not what to ſay, finding himſelfe ſo confounded, and aſtoniſh'd with ſo ſuddaine and affrightfull a Metamorphoſis, that hee ſtreight reſolved at that inſtant, to quit the world,

But O the worme of conſcience is to weake ſoules much more dreadfull, then thoſe which devoure the body.

world, and deveſt himſelfe of all his greatneſſes, ſince they are not able to exempt the body from corruption.

All beauties but of vertue *are ſtill changing.*

Ladyes, ſuffer your ſelves to be no more ſurpriſed by vanity, you ſee to what extremitie of horrour and miſerie, are reduceable your allurements and charmes. The *greateſt Princeſſe* of the world, and one of the faireſt as hath beene, being now fall'n from her Imperiall Throne into the grave, not one of her attendants can retaine any knowledge of her in ſo ſhort a ſpace. The wormes having effaced the lineaments of her reſemblance, have inveloped it ſo deep into corruption, that no where is it to be found elſe being but Rottenneſſe. *Reader, render up thy ſelfe to the hits of a Truth ſo ſenſible.*

'Tis reported of *Semiramis*, that ſhe cauſed to be put upon her Tombe this Inſcription. *The King that ſhall have need of money, ſhall find within this Sepulcher as much as he would have ow't.* And ſome time after, King *Darius* tranſported with a violent paſſion of Avarice, cauſed this Sepulcher to be opened; but

but found within no other riches, then of so much gold as was necessarily employed, in the engraving of these words. *Covetous wretch, which comest to disturbe the repose of the dead, satiate thy greedy passion upon the treasure of my miseries, since this object is powerfull enough to make thee undervalue all the riches of the world.*

'Tis an insolence to the priviledges of Nature, to trouble the repose of the Dead.

You that are Covetous, Enter often, *at least in Meditation*, into *Tombes*; visit to such effect the *Church-yards*, and you shall find *therein* more riches then you wish for, considering the horrour of that rotten earth, wherein your semblables are enterred, you will reason without doubt thus;

To what purpose at last will stead me all the treasures, which I amasse up in my coffers, if the very richest of the world be but earth, and ashes before my eyes? What shall I doe at the houre of my death, with all the goods which I now possesse, if even my body be a prey destinated to worms and rottennesse?

LORD, I ayme at nothing of this world, but that *glory* alone, which a man may acquire

acquire by the contempt of it, but as is a glory, whereof the acquisition depends of thy grace, more then my force; give mee the *Courage*, if it please thee, to surmount all the temptations, which shall oppose themselves against my designe of Victorie, to the end, that my vowes may be heard, and my paines recompensed. *I returne to my selfe.*

All our hopes *depend from* grace, *nothing from our selves.*

When I consider, that all the world together, is but as it were a *Cæmitarie* or *Churchyard*, wherein every houre of the day, some wretchednesse, or other, brings to the grave those whom such their miserable condition hath destroyed, I have no more passionate desire of life, since evils and troubles are proprietaries of it, rather then we. *who can keepe account of the number of persons, that expire at this very moment, that I am now speaking to you*, or the different deaths, which terminate the course of their carreere? All is universally dreadfull, and yet wee quake not, either in horrour, or astonishment.

He which meditates of anothers mans death, *puts himselfe in mind of* his owne, *since we are all* slaves *to the same* fate.

A Walke into *Church-yards*, and *Charnels*, though it be sad and melancholy, by reason of the dolefull *objects* there

there obvious, hath yet ne'rethelesse something in it agreeable to content *good soules*, in the contemplation of those very objects; which they there find. How often have I ta'en pleasure to *consider* a great number of Deadmens sculls arranged one in pile upon another with this conceit of the *vanitie*, and *arrogance*, wherewith otherwise they have beene filled? *Some* have had no other *care* but of their *Haire*, employing the greatest part of their time, either to frizle or to *empouder them*; and represent unto your selves by the way, what *recompence* now betides them for all their *paines*. *Others* all full of *ambition*, had no other aymes but at Coronall wreaths, consider a little in this their miserie, the injustice of their pretentions.

In many of the Church-yards of France, *are thousands of dead mens skulls and bones, piled up, as at* S. Innocents *at* Paris, Saint Croix *at* Orleans, *&c.*

Meditation *upon the* vanities *of life is a piece of serious* felicitie *before death.*

I ha' remark't in sequell how a little *worme* did gnaw the *arme* of some *late Samson*, reducing thus all his force to an object of compassion, and wretchednesse, since *that arme* heretofore so strong, and dreadfull, had not now force enough to *resist* a little worme. *Reader muze often of these truths, and thou*

thou shalt finde therein more joy then sadnesse.

Typotius reports of *Iohn Duke of Cleveland*, that to testifie the frailty of our nature and the miseries of our condition, hee had ta'en the Embleme of a Lilly, with this device.

Hodie Lilium, Cras Nihilum.

Hodie hoc, cras nihil. It flourishes to day, to morrow 'tis nothing.

Great Kings, your life is like this *Lily*, it appeares like this flower, at Sunnerise with glittering and pompe, but at noone its vivacitie and luster begin to fade, and at the end of the day it vanisheth away with it, and scarce its being is remembred.

Even those things, which seeme most durable, have in effect but a morning prime like flowers.

We read in *Appianus* of *Pompey*, that after he had triumphed over three parts of the world, he carryed nothing away with him to the grave, but these words, *Hic situs est magnus* Pompeius, Pompey *is here buryed with all his pompe.*

O World, how poore art thou, since thou hast but such a thing of nought to give? O Fortune, how miserable art thou, when thy favorites are exposed to publike view, as objects of compassion? Let him trust in 'em who will,

will, a man shall never be able to escape their tromperies, but by despiting their favours.

Here lyes Hannibal: Behold all the honour, which posteritie rendred to the memory of so great a Captaine. And *Time*, even jealous of the glory of his name, though not able to bury it in the Abysses of *Oblivion*, hath yet *devoured* the very *marble* of his *Sepulcher*. Are not these things truths worthy to raise astonishment?

Time is as inexorable as Death, and neither of them spare any.

'Tis remark't in *Suetonius*, of one of the Romane Emperours, that being now at last gaspe, and as it were at a bay with *Death*, he cryed out in excesse of astonishment; *Fui omnia, sed nihil expedit: I have beene all in all, but now it nothing helpeth me.* I have tasted all the pleasures of all the greatnesse of the world, but the *sweetes* are changed into *sowres*, and onely their bitter disgust stayes with me.

Experiment all the delights of the Earth, *Great Kings*, the distast will ever at last only remaine to your mouths, & sorrowes to your hearts, and if these doe no good on you, a thousand eter-

nall punishments will possesse your soules. Represent to your selves, that all the felicities of *Life*, are of the same nature as *that* is. *That* decaies every moment, and *they* flit away without cease. The contentments which men receive here below, are like the pleasures of the Chace, which are onely rellish't running. *I draw to an end.*

Contentments causein their privation as extreme discontents.

Belon in his *Monuments* of the *Kings of Egypt*, sayes, that *they* were *enterred* with such a splendour of pompe and magnificence, that even those who had diverse times before beene admirers of it, were for all that often in doubt, whether the people went to place the *corps* in the Throne againe, rather then in their Sepulcher. O how ill to the eyes is the luster of this sad kind of honour! For if vanitie be insupportable barely of it selfe, these excesses of it, put the spirits upon the racke.

Diodorus Siculus, speaking of the Tombe which *Alexander* caused to be erected, for his favorite *Ephestion*, assures that the magnificences, which were there to be admired, were beyond

as

as well all valew, as example. *Marble, Braſſe, Gold, and Pearles*, were profuſely offered to moſt cunning Artiſans, to frame thereof ſuch workes, wherein *ſadneſſe* and *compaſſion*, might be ſo naturally repreſented, that they might affect the whole world with the like. *Diamonds*, *Rubies*, and all other *precious ſtones*, were there employed, under the Image of a *Sunne*, *Moone*, *and Stars*. It ſeemes this *Monarch* blinded with Love, thought to hold the *Planets* captive in the glorious enchainments of thoſe faire Maſter-pieces, as if hee would revenge himſelfe of *them* for their maligne influences, which they had powred upon the head of his deare *Epheſtion*. But this conceite was vaine, for the *ſame ſtarres*, whoſe captivity hee oſtented upon this *Tombe*, conducted *him* alſo by little and little to his grave.

A Man ſhould never be angry with his hard fates the decrees on't, are inviolable.

The *Romans* tranſported with paſſion, to honour the memory of the *Dictator Sylla*, cauſed his ſtatue to be framed of a prodigious height, all compoſed of perfumes, and caſt it into the *funerall pile*, where his body, where-

of this was also but a shadow, was to be burn't to ashes: Being desirous by this action, to give to understand, that as the odour of his *statue* disperst it selfe through all the City of *Rome*, the much more odoriferous savour of his peculiar vertues would spred it selfe through all the world. But to goe to the *rigour* of the *literall sense*, it is credible, they had not cast in this aromaticall statue into the *stacke*, but only to temper the excesse of the stench of the body, which was to be consumed with it. And I proceed to imagine beside, that the odour of this statue, the cinders of his body, and all the glory of the actions of *Sylla*, had all the same fate, since the winde triumph't o're 'em altogether. *Behold the reverse of the Medall of Vanitie.*

'Tis remark't in the life of the Emperour *Severus*, by the report of *DION*, that hee made to be set at the gate of his Palace an *Vrne* of marble, and as oft as he went in or out, hee was accustomed to say, laying his hand on it; *Behold the Case that shall enclose him, whom all the world could not containe.*

Great

Great Kings, have often the same thoughts in your soules, if you have not the like discourses in your mouths, the *smallest vessell of earth is too great for the ashes of your bodyes*, which shall remaine of them, after the wormes have well fed on them: for the wretchednesse of your humane condition, reduceth you at last to so small a thing, that you are *nothing at all*. But if I must give a name to those graines of corrupted dust, which are made of your deplorable remaines, I shall call them the *Idea's* of a dreame, since the memory of your being can passe for no other together with the time. *Behold a fresh subject of entertaine.*

Man onely is considerable in respect of his noble actions.

Some of our Ethnicke Historians report to us, that the *Troglodites* buryed their kindred and friends, with the tone of joyfull cries, and acclamations of *mirth*.

The *Lothophagi* cast them into the Sea, choosing rather to have them eaten of fishes in the water, then of wormes in the earth.

The *Scythians* did eate the bodyes of their friends, in signe of amitie, in-

somuch that the living were the Sepulchers of the dead. The *Hircanians* cast the bodies of their kindred to the Dogges. The *Massagetes* exposed them as a prey to all manner of ravenous beasts.

The *Lydians* dryed them in the Sun, and after reduced them to powder, to the end the wind might carry them away.

Amongst all the customes, which were practised amongst these *Strange Nations*, I find none more commendable then the first, of the *Troglodites*, looking for no hell, they had good reason to celebrate the funerall of their friends and kindred, with laughter and acclamations of cheerefulnes, rather then with teares, and lamentations.

There is more contentment to die then to live, if we consider the end, for which man was created.

For though that *Life* be granted us by divine favour, yet we enjoy *it* but as a punishment, since *it* is no other thing then *a continuall correction of our continuall offences*. Besides the sad accidents which accompany *it* inseparably, even to the grave are so numerous, that a man may justly be very glad at the *end* of

of his journey, to see himselfe discharged of so ponderous a burthen. Not that I here condemne the *teares*, which we are accustomed to *shed*, at the death of our neerest friends, for these are *ressentments* of *griefe*, whereof *Nature* authorizeth the *first violences*. But neither doe I blame the *vertue* of those *spirits*, who never *discover alteration* upon any rencounter of the mishaps, and miseries of the world, how *extreme* soever they be. And what disaster is it to see dye, either our kindred or friends, since all the world together, and Nature it selfe, can doe nothing else. What reason then can a man have to call himselfe miserable, for being destinated to *celebrate the funerals* of those, whom he loves best, since the *divine Providence*, hath soveraignely established this *order*, and since moreover in this carreere of *Death*, to which all the world speeds, the *Present on't*, being not distinguish't but by *Time*, it will appeare when all is come to the *upshot*, that one hath lived as long as another, since *all ages* though *different during their continuance*, *are equall then*

The body of Man being made of earth is subject to earth; but the soule holds only of its soveraine Creator.

The living are more to be bemoned then the dead, they being still in th' midd'st of this life's tempest, but these are already arrived to their Port.

when they are past. Change wee the discourse.

I advow once againe, There is no *remedie* more soveraigne to *cure* the passion of *arrogance*, then this the of *consideration* of *Cæmitaries*, and *Tombes*. The most vaine-glorious and ambitious are forced to yeeld themselves at the assaults of these *sad objects*. For a spirit ne're so brave and valourous, cannot but be astonish't, when he sees at his feet the bones and dust of an infinite number of persons, who were as valiant as he, what thoughts can he have but of *submission*, and *humilitie*, considering that one part of himselfe is already reduced into dust and filth? I say a part of himselfe, since he himselfe is but a piece of the same matter, which now serves him for object, and to the same last point will be extended one day the line of his life.

To what purpose is Courage against those perils, which cannot be avoyded.

When *Virgil* tells us of the fate of *Priam*, hee brings in *Æneas* astonish't at it, that so great a Monarch should leave to posteritie no other Monument of his greatnesse, but a *Tronck of flesh*, a *head* separated from the shoulders,

Æneid. lib. 2. lacet ingens litore truncus, Avulsumque humeris caput, & sine nomine corpus.

ders and a *carkaße*, without *name* or *ſhape*.

Great Kings, This truth is *a Mirrour which flatters not*. Gaze here often in theſe meditations, and you will ſurely at length conſider, that *All is full of vanity*, and that this glory of the world, whereof you are ſo ſtrongly Idolaters, is but a *Phantaſie*, and *Chimera*, to which your imaginations give that beauty, which charmes you, and that delicacie, which raviſhes you. What thinke you is it, to be the greateſt of the world? 'Tis an honour, whereof miſerie and inconſtancy are the foundations, for all the felicities which can arrive us, are of the ſame nature as wee are, and conſequently, as miſerable as our condition, and as changing. This *Earth* whereon you live, is the *lodging* of the dead, what *eternitie* beleeve you to find in it? Eternitie of honours, riches, and contentments, there was never any but in imagination, and this *Idea*, which wee have of them, is but a reflection from the lightning of Truth, where-with heaven illuminates *noble ſoules*, thus to guide them to the ſearch

He which makes himſelfe rightly ſenſible of his miſeries is partly in way to be exempted from their tyranny.

There is nothing eternall in this world but this scope of wrath.

search of the *true source of all*, by the ayde of these small rivolets. *It is time to finish this worke.*

I have made appeare to you in the *first Chapter*, the particular study which a man *ought to take*, to come to the * *Knowledge of himselfe*, wherein lyes the accomplishment of perfection. And herein the *precept* is, The *Consideration* of the *miseries*, which are *destinated* to our Nature, as being so many objects capable enough, to force up the power of our *reason*, to give credence to the *resentments* of *frailty*, which are proper to us. But this is not all to be meerely sensible of our wretchednesse. *Serious* Consideration must often *renew* the *Ideas* of them in our soules, more then the *hard experience of them*. And this to the end, that *vanitie*, to which wee are too incident, may not surprize us, during the intervals of a meditation, so important. Wee must often dive into our selves, and seeke in the truth of our nothingnesse, some light to make us thus *to know our selves*. Afterwards *making a rise* a little higher, it is necessary to consider

Seneca. *Hoc jubet illa Pythicis oraculis adscripta vox, Nosce Te.*

He that searches into himselfe shall not lose his labour.

consider the *End*, for which wee were created, and in this *consideration* to employ all the powers of the severall *faculties* of our soules, to the generous designe of getting *possession* of that *glory*. *Behold the Corollarie of my first Argument, or Chapter.*

The second instructs us a new meanes, to resist powerfully the *hits* of the *vanities* of the world, from the example of the wretchednesse of * *one of the greatest Monarchs* of the world. *Fortune* had refused him nothing, because she meant to take all from him, for in the height of his glory he finds himselfe reduced to the poorenesse of his *shirt* onely, which is all he carryes with him into the *grave*. And this makes us sensibly perceive that the greatnesses of the earth are *Goods*, as good as estranged from humane nature, since in this mortall and perishing condition wee can onely possesse their usance, and the *terme* of this *possession* is of so *short* endurance that wee see as soone the *end*, as the *beginning*. *Reader represent unto thy selfe, how thou shalt be dealt with at thy death, both by Fortune and the world*, since the

* *Saladine.*

Povertie and Riches *depend upon* opinion, *and a* noble soule *is* above *his fortune in* what [condition] soever *he be.*

Et quæ veneraris, & quædespicis unus exæquabit cinis. *Sen.*

the Minion of this blind Goddesse, and *the greatest* of the Universe is exposed all naked in his *shirt* in sight of all his subjects to be given in prey to the *wormes*, *as well* as the *most miserable* of the Earth.

The horrour of Death, is purely in the weakenes of imagination.

The Third Chapter, where *Life* leads *Death* in Triumph teaches, us the Art to vanquish *this untamable*, by considering its weakenesse: for in effect, if Death be but a privation, 'tis to be deprived of reason and judgement, to give it a being, since it cannot subsist but in our impaired imaginations. The fantosme of an *Idea* is *it*, whose very forme is immateriall, as having no other substistance, I say but that, which the weakenesse of our spirit gives it. And againe, to come to the most *important point*; Let this be *the close* of the *recapitulation*, that you may have meanes not to stand in feare on't; * *Muze on it alwayes*, *looke for it in all places*, and o'recomming your selves, you shall *triumph* over it. *Never did an unblemisht life feare Death.*

Sen.

*Incertum est, quo te loco *Mors* expectet: itaque tu *illam* omni loco expecta.

The last Chapter, where the object of

of *Cæmiteries*, and *Sepulchers*, is laid before your eyes, may now againe serve for the *last touch*, since it is a *Theater*, where you must play the *Tragedie* of your *lives*. All this great number of *Actors*, whose bones and ashes you see there, have every one playd their *part*, and it may be, that the houre will *soone Knell*, that you must act *yours*. Reader, live ever in this providence, a *Man* cannot *too soone* resolve to doe that well, which howsomever must be done *of necessitie*. *God grant*, that these last lines may once againe reproach thee, the bad estate of thy *Conscience*; delay not too long this *Check* to thy selfe, least too late the *regreets* be then in vaine. *Thy salvation is fastned to an instant*, *consider* the infinite number of *them*, which are already slip't away, when perhaps at that *moment*, thou wert in estate (*if dying*) to incurre the punishment of a *second Death*, and that *eternall*. If thou trust to thy *youth*, put thy head out of the *window*, and thou shalt see carryed to the *grave* some not *so old* as thy selfe. If thou relye upon the *health*, which thou now enjoyest, tis

Hodie mihi Cras tibi. *Thinke on that* Reader, *it may be thy* turne to morrow.

Momentum est unde pendet æternitas.

Sæpe optimus status corporis periculosissimus.
Hip.
Sera nimis Vita est crastina, vive hodie.

'tis but a false going-dyall. *The calme of a perfect health, hath oftentimes ushered the Tempest of a suddaine Death.* What hopest thou for? hope is deceitfull; what stayest thou for. *A wise man ought never to defer till to morrow, what should be done to day.* Lastly, what desirest thou? *The peace of conscience is the only desirable good.* Goe on then right forward, thou canst not misse the way which I have chalk't thee.

FINIS.

PERLECTORI.

The TRANSLATOVR'S COROLLARIE.

SO, Now 'tis done, although it be no Taske,
That did much Braines, *or toyleſome* Study *aske:*
The meaning I 'vouch good, but Merit ſmall,
In rendring Engliſh, *the* FRENCH PRINCIPALL:
It is but a Tranſlation *I confeſſe,*
And yet the Rubs of Death *in't neretheleſſe*
May trippe ſome cap'ring Fancies *of the* Time,
That Domineere, and Swagger it in Rime,
That Charge *upon the* Reader, *and give* Fire,
On all, that doe not (as they doe) admire,
Either their rugged Satyrs *cruell veine,*
Or puffe-paſte Notes *'boye* Ela *in high ſtraine,*
Then in prevention quarrell like a curſt,
Scold, who being guilty, yet will call Whore *firſt.*
When any dyes whoſe Muſe *was rich in* Verſe,
They claime Succeſſion, and prophane his Herſe,
They onely are Heires of his Braine-eſtate,
Others are baſe, and illegitimate.

All

All but their owne Abettors *they defie,*
And L o R D-it *in their* Wit-Supremacy.
Others they say but Sculke, or lye i'th' lurch,
As we hold Schismaticks *from the true* Church,
So hold they all, that doe decline their way,
Nor sweare by Heaven, *All's excellent they say,*
Twere well they'd see the sing'ring on these frets,
Can neither save their Soules, *nor pay their* Debts
Or would they they thinke of Death *as they should doe,*
They would live better, and more honourd too.
Tis base to doe base deeds, yet for false fame,
To Keepe a stirre, and bustle into Name:
Whilst each applauds his owne, *contemnes an* others,
Becons *his owne deserts, but his he* smothers,
They feare Fame's *out of breath, and therefore they,*
Trumpet their owne praises in their owne way.
Or ioyne in Tricke of Stale Confed'racy.
Cal'd Quid pro Quo, *Claw me, and Ile claw thee*
Marry, at others (Tooth *and* Naile) *they flye,*
That do not tread their Path, *but would goe bye.*
Farewell *to these, my ayme not here insists,*
Leave we these wranglers unto equall lists.
To Nobler *Natures I my brest expose,*
The Good *I* bow *to in an humble* Cloze:
To such as knowing how vaine this Life *is,*
Exalt their thoughts to one better then This.
'Tis the best Method *to be out of Love;*
With things below, and thence to soare above.

To

To which effect my soules integrity,
In L'envoy *thus salutes each courteous eye.*

L'ENVOY.

INgenuous READER, thou do'st crowne
The Morall active course layd downe,
By *De la* SERRE, what is pen'd,
If thy ACTIONS recommend.

Relating to the first EMBLEME.

WHen *haughtie thoughts* impuffe thee, than
Dictate thy selfe, *Thou art but Man*,
A fabricke of commixed *Dust*,
Thats all the prop of humane trust.
How dares a Clod of mouldring *Clay*
Be *Proud*, decaying every day?
And yet there is a way beside,
Wherein may be a lawfull *Pride*.
When fly *Temptations* stirre thee, Than,
Againe the Word, *Thou art a Man*.

Rouze up thy *Spirits*, doe not yeeld,
A brave resistance winnes the *Field*:
Shall a soule of *Heavenly* breath,
Grovell so farre, its worth beneath:
Fouly to bee pollute with slime,
Of any base and shamefull crime?
Thou art a *Man*, for *Heaven* borne,
Reflect on *Earth*, disdainefull scorne,
Bee not abus d, since Life is *short*,
Squander it not away in sport:
Nor hazard heavens *eternall* Joyes,
For a small spurt of wordly Toyes.
Doe *Something* ere thou doe bequeath,
To *wormes* thy flesh to Aire thy breath;
Something that may, when thou art dead,
With *honour* of thy name be *read*.
Something that may, when thou art cold,
Thaw frozen Spirits, when tis told,
Something that may the grave controule,
And shew thou hadst a *noble* Soule.
Doe *something* to *advance* thy blisse
Both in the other World, and This.

Relating

Relating to the second
EMBLEME.

WEre both the *Indias* treasures Thine,
And thou LORD of every *Mine*,
Or hadst thou all the golden Ore,
On *Tagus* or *Pactolus* Shore,
And were thy Cabinet the *shrine*,
Where thousand pearles and Diamonds shine,
All must be left, and thou allowd,
A little linnen for thy *Shrowd*.
Or if 'twere so thy Testament,
Perhaps a goodly Monument.
What better is a golden Chase,
Or *Marble*, then a *Charnell* place?
Charon hence no advantage makes,
A halfe-penny a soule he takes,
Thy heires will leave thee but a *Shirt*,
Enough to hide thy rotten Dirt.
Then bee not Greedy of much pelfe,
He that gets all, may loose himselfe.
And Riches are of this *Dilemme*,
Or they leave us, or we must them.
Death brings to Misers donble Woe,
They loose their Cash, and their soules too.

Change then thy scope to heavenly gaines,
That wealth eternally remaines.

Relatory to the third EMBLEME.

BE not *curious*, to amaze
With glitt'ring pompe the *Vulgar* gaze,
Strive not to cheat with vaine delight,
Those that are *catcht* with each brave sight.
How soone will any gawdy show,
Make their *low* Spirits overflow,
Whose Soules are ready to *runne-ore*,
At any *Toy* nere seene before.
Rather thy *better* thoughts apply,
For to addresse thy selfe to dye.
Bee ne're so glorious, after all
Thy latest *pompe's* thy *Funerall*.
Shall a dresse of *Tyrian* Dye,
Or *Venice-gold* Embroyderie,
Or new-fash'on-varied *Vest*,
Tympanize thy out-strutting brest,
There's none of these will hold thee tacke,
But thy last colour shall be *Blacke*.
Bee not deceiv'd, *There* comes a *Day*,
Will *sweepe* thy Gloryes all away.

Meane

Meane while, the thought on't may abate
Th'*Exceſſes* of thy preſent 'ſtate.
Death never can that *Man* ſurprize
That *watches* for't with wary Eyes.
Doe Soe, And thou ſhalt make thereby
A *Vertue of Neceſſitie*;
And, when thy *Dying-day* is come,
Goe, like a Man that's walking home.
Heav'n Guard thee with Angelicke pow'r
To be prepared for *that houre*,
When ev'ry *Soule* ſhall feele what 'Tis
To have liv'd *Well*, or done *Amiſſe*.

Relating to the fourth
EMBLEME.

LEt not the *Splendour* of high *Birth*
Bee all thy *Gloſſe* without true worth,
Let neither *honour*, nor vaſt *wealth*
Beautie, nor *Valour*, nor firme *health*
Make thee beare up too high thy head,
All men alike are buried.

Stare

Stare not with Supercilious brow,
Poore folkes are *Dust*, and so art *Thou*.
Triumph not in thy worldly Odds,
They dye like men whom we count Gods,
And in the *Grave* it is all one,
Who enjoy'd all, or who had none.
Death cuts off all superfluous,
And makes the proudest *One of us*,
Nor shall there *diffr'ence* then betweene,
The dust of LORDS, or *slaves* be seene.
Together under ground they lye
Without distinctive Heraldry;
Unlesse it be that some brave Tombe,
Doe grace the *Great-ones* in Earths wombe.
But better 'tis that *Heaven's* dore,
Is oft'nest open to the poore;
When those, who's backs and sides with sinne,
Are bunch't, and swolne, cannot get in.
Beware the Bulke of thy Estate,
Shocke thee from entrance at that *Gate*.
Give Earth to Earth, but give thy Minde
To Heaven, where it's seates assign'd,
If, as it came from that bright *Spheare*;
Thither thou tend, not fix *it* here.

Live,

Live, that thy SOVLE may *White* return,
Leaving it's *Partner* in the VRNE,
Till a BLEST DAY shall reunite,
And beame them with *Eternall Light*.

Ainſi Souhaite

Voſtre treshumble Serviteur

Tho. Cary.

TOWER-HILL,
Antepenultimâ Auguſti.
1638.

To my endeared Friend, the Translatour,
Mr THOMAS CARY.

1.

'TIs Morall *Magicke*, and Wits *Chymistrie*,
Out of *Deaths* Uglinesse
T'extract so trim a Dresse:
And to a *Constellated* Crystall tie
Such an imperious spell,
As who lookes on it well,
By sprightie Apparitions to the Eye
Shall see he must, and yet not feare to dye.

2.

No brittle toy, but a tough monument
(Above steele, marble, Brasse)
Of *Malleable* Glasse:
Which also wil (while Wisedome is not spent)
Out-price th'*adored* wedge,
And blunt *Times* Sickle's edge:
Usher'd with gracious safety in its vent,
For, to *disseaver* Spirits fairely lent.

3.

FRIEND, here remoulded by Thy English hand,
(To speake it, is no feare)
In new as *slicke* and *cleare*.
Nay, when Thy owne *Minerva* now doth stand
On a *Composing* state;
'Twas curt'sie, to *Translate*.
But most thy *choise* doth my applause command;
First for thy *Selfe*, then for this crazie *Land*.

H. I.

LECTURO.

CONſpice, quod vani nudat tectoria Faſtûs;
Et penetrabundi concipe vera Libri,
O falſis animoſe bonis: Sirenâque rerum
Dedoctus, vitreas exue delicias.
Interpres *Genium, quo vivax* Author, *habebit:*
Nec tantùm Patrii *clauſtra decora ſoni.*
Tam bene Cinnameâ pingit feralia cannâ,
Phœnicis *miro quæ quaſi rapta rogo.*
E gemitu ſolatiolum, è pædore venuſtas,
Eque cadavereo vita reculta ſitu.
Alter *in arcanis ſapiat ſubtile docendis,*
Sublimique ſuus ſtet ratione liber:
Alter *amet flores, bibuli mulcedo popelli;*
Surdeſcens tandem plauſibus ipſe ſuis.
Præſentem Libitina *librum ſibi vendicat; illa*
Corripiens artem Rhetoris, *illa* Sophi.

H. I.

ΤΩι ΕΝΤΕΥΞΑΜΕΝΩι,
ΙΑΜΒΙΚΑ.

Ορθοῦσιν ἀρ' ὡς πίλει βεβαμμένον
Πίστεσι χρησμώδημα τῶθ' "ΟΛΟΝ, ΚΕΝΟ'Ν.
Τῶν δ' ἀβέκειαν καὶ λόγε ζοφὸν βάρος
Μή πω ξωαρπάζωσιν αἱ σκαιαὶ φρένες,
Χαύναισιν ἐλπίδεσσιν αἰωρεμβῶσαι,
Τῇ ψευδοφάντῳ βακολεμβῶσαι Φύσει.
Ἡ δεξιὰ φρὴν καὶ διϊπετέστερον
Ὁρῶσ', ἐπέγνω παντὰ τὰν Κόσμῳ γλυκέα,
Σεμνοπρεπῆ τε πάντα (καί φο ἀν τόδε
Γιγαντομάιοις ὐ δοκῇ φεγνήμασι)
Καπνὸν σκίαν, ἢ καὶ καπνὸς σκίας ὄνερ.
Μόνιμον μόνον ἦ, φεύγιμον · ἢ τὸ γ' εὐσεβὲς,
Ἀπάνακτον ἕδραν ὐρανοῖς ἀποικίσαν.
Ὡς πάντας ἐν τῷ παντὶ τῷ Τύχης πόρῳ
Δεῖ μεζιάζειν, κ' ὐ βροτοὺς ὑφρονεῖν.
Ρέπει τὸ Μετριόφρον Ἀστέρος δίκην,
Οὗ γ' ὑψεγγὲς ἀκρωμματεῖ σέλας.
Τύφος καπνηδὸν ἀερεμβατεῖν ἐρᾷ,
Ἐκ τοι ταπφῶν παραγάνων πυργέμβιος.
Δέχε ἦ ταύτης τῶν σελίδα χρησμῳδίας
Μυσίν τε καὶ κίρυκα, καὶ φερωνύμως
Στιβαρῆς διαπρισέραν ἱππουφίας.

HEN. IACOB.

Advertissement au Lecteur.

Generous Reader,

'*Twas upon occasion of the last* Summer's *sad effects generall over all* England, *and some ressentments of mine owne; when the Reading and Copying* Englisn *this Authour's* French *Originall, seasonably engaged my thoughts, and* Pen. *I thinke al's not forgotten yet: But in a longer intervall, and indeed* alwayes, *there ought still to bee a deepe apprehension of our* Mortality. *This our* Author *inculcates to us in Notions quicke and pertinent, though in some historicall allusions he may a little o're-trust his Memory.*

Valebis.

Tho. Cary.

——Laudatus abundè
Non fastiditus——

Imprimatur,

Lingua Vernacula,

SA. BAKĒR.

Impressum.

Lingua Vernacula.

S. A. BAKER.

Collated & complete
H. B. Quantick MT